THE SECRET,

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

BY EDWARD MORRIS, ESQ.

BARRISTER AT LAW, AND FELLOW OF PETER-HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

Scire secreta domûs atque inde timeri.

London:

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1799.

THE SECRET,

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

THE THIRD EDITION.

414.

Written by the ſame Author, and printed for T. CADELL, JUN. *and* W. DAVIES, *Strand.*

FALSE COLOURS,

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

[*PRICE EIGHTEEN-PENCE.*]

Alſo a ſecond Edition, conſiderably enlarged, of

A

SHORT ENQUIRY

INTO THE NATURE OF

MONOPOLY AND FORESTALLING.

With an APPENDIX on the probable Effect of an Act of the Legiſlature to enforce the Uſe of a COARSER SORT of BREAD; and ſome CONSIDERATIONS on the propoſed Plan for the SALE of CORN by WEIGHT.

[*PRICE ONE SHILLING.*]

EPILOGUE,

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

IT is an adage—wond'rous old, and wise!—
That—"There are Secrets in all Families."
And, to put families into a fuss,
There's nothing like—a Secret to discuss.
All branches, when The Secret's thrown among 'em,
Dispute, as if the very Devil had flung 'em:
All, from the Master, highest in dominion,
E'en to the Scullion, hold their own opinion.

Here is a Family before me, now:—
A charming looking Family, I vow!
Such handsome, well-grown children, I assure you,
Do no small credit to the House of Drury.
A Secret—to some tastes we hope well-fitted,—
This Night, has to your notice been submitted.

What think you of it?—Hush! for there, I see,
Sits the grum Father of this Family. *(looking to the Pit.)*
He is against the busi ess, I suppose,
By the disdainful curl ng of his nose.

Ah! ponder well, thou Critic-Parent, dear!
And, be not on The Secret too severe!
Bless your wise head!—our Secret may not strike it,
But many of the Family may like it.
And, learn, before The Secret you despise,
To be ill-natur'd is not to be wise.

Another

EPILOGUE.

Another of the Family!—I ſpy him; [*looking to the Boxes.*
With a ſmart, lively lady, ſitting by him.
'Tis Maſter Jacky;—he is thinking deep
Upon The Secret.—No;—he's faſt aſleep.
Don't jog him, Madam!—he is one of thoſe
Who think as well whether they wake or doſe.
And many brothers of this Family
Are as like Jacky as pea is to pea:
But ſtill, though dull, their preſence, here, does good;
It helps to prop the Houſe;—and ſo does wood.

You like The Secret, Lady Fair, I'm ſure.
[*to another part of the Boxes.*
To one ſo young, a Secret is ſo pure!
Nay, vote a Secret, and 'twill always follow
All-Females, in the Houſe, are for it, hollow.
For you, my merry friends! we ſoon may learn [*to the Galleries.*
How your opinions on The Secret turn.
Good ſouls! you never from the queſtion ſhrink:—
You're pretty loud in telling what you think.

But, ah! there is one Secret ſtill behind,
Our Bard, to-night, has ſtruggled hard to find.
'Tis one on which depends his Riſe or Fall;—
It is the Secret—how to pleaſe you All.

To Mrs. JORDAN.

MADAM,

I WAITED with considerable anxiety for permiſsion to inſcribe this Comedy to you, as it affords me an opportunity of expreſsing how much I conſider myſelf indebted to your repreſentation of the part of ROSA, *for the intereſt which it has excited on the Stage. But as I cannot avoid feeling that there is ſome merit in giving occaſion for the diſplay of ſuch talents, I am forced to refrain from any particular notice of your performance, leſt I ſhould be accuſed of indirect flattery to myſelf.*

I remain,

DEAR MADAM,

Your obliged and obedient

humble Servant,

EDWARD MORRIS.

Harcourt Buildings, Temple,
9th March, 1799.

AFTER the Applauſe which the PUBLIC has given to the different Performers in this COMEDY, the Teſtimony of the AUTHOR appears feeble and ſuperfluous—but he cannot omit this Opportunity of thanking Mr. AICKIN for his kind Attention while the Play was under Rehearſal.

PROLOGUE,

Written by CHARLES MORRIS, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. C. KEMBLE.

IN times like these, when arm'd throughout the land,
A loyal nation forms one patriot band,
The hardy phalanx, at the Invaders boast,
Indignant smiles, and dares him to the coast.
While Albion's pride, her sail by Vict'ry furl'd,
Triumphant floats—the wonder of the world.
Rous'd at the theme, the Muse would fain aspire,
And wake to rapture the heroic lyre!
But that the bard prefers an anxious claim,
And bids the Prologue smoothe the road to fame.
Life's ample volume dramatists survey,
For novel characters to stock the play:
To the keen glance the variegated page
Luxuriant yields materials for the stage.
Cameleon like, mens follies strike the view,
For ever changing, and for ever new.
In Fancy's loom fresh incidents are wrought—
Nature designs, and Art improves the thought.
Such is the plan our author should pursue,
To fill the outline Nature's pencil drew;
Join to the comic scene a useful sense
That would correct, but yet avoid offence.
If such the task, how arduous to unite,
What may at once amuse, instruct, delight;
To mark the characters, by truth pourtray'd,
With each its proper share of light and shade:
In sentimental colours not too fine,
Nor give the hum'rous sketch too broad a line.
This night th' attempt is made, the scene's design'd
To press th' important lesson on mankind,
That active virtue, peace of mind regains,
Of errors past obliterates the stains.
'Tis in our pow'r—but what am I about?
If I say more, The *Secret* must come out.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Dorville	*Mr. Barrymore.*
Sir Harry Fleetly	*Mr. R. Palmer.*
Lizard	*Mr. Suet.*
Jack Lizard	*Mr. Bannister.*
Mr. Torrid	*Mr. Dowton.*
Henry Torrid	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
Ralph	*Mr. Wathen.*
Frank	*Mr. Archer.*
Bailiff	*Mr. Hollingsworth.*
Steward	*Mr. Madox.*

Servants of Mr. Dorville, *and Mr.* Torrid.

Lady Esther Dorville . . .	*Mrs. Powell.*
Rosa	*Mrs. Jordan.*
Susannah Lizard	*Miss Pope.*

SCENE—*In the Country, at the two adjoining Seats of Mr.* Dorville, *and Mr.* Torrid.

TIME—*That of Representation.*

THE SECRET.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Library at Mr.* DORVILLE'S.

Enter Mr. DORVILLE *and a Servant following.*

MR. DORVILLE.

WHO did you ſay?

Servant. Farmer Ralph, Sir. *(enter Steward on the oppoſite ſide.)*

Steward. Indeed, Sir, you had better not ſee him—'tis farmer Ralph, and he's only come with an excuſe to ſave his rent.

Mr. Dorville. This is what I am always told, when any of my tenants call—how am I to expect perſonal attachment from them, if they are never admitted to ſee me?

Steward. I beg pardon, Sir, but 'the Nabob's 'ſteward has ordered all his rents to be paid up, 'and I'm ſure he's not ſo much in want of the 'money as you are, ſo' I thought it my duty—

Mr. Dorville. And ſo it was—you are right—you have done your duty, and I muſt do mine—it's the duty of the ſteward to take care of the landlord, and of the landlord to take care of his tenant.

SCENE II. *Enter* RALPH.

Mr. Dorville. So, Ralph—how fares it my honest fellow—I am heartily glad to see you—bring him a tankard of the old stout—and take care there's toast and nutmeg—I know that Ralph likes it so. [*Exit Servant.*

Ralph. So I do, your honour—so I do—but only think of your remembering that!

Mr. Dorville. Your wife and family, Ralph, how are they?

Ralph. Ah! your honour, I lost my poor dame last Candlemas.

Re-enter a Servant with the tankard.

Mr. Dorville. I am sorry for it—I am sorry for it—well, Ralph, we must drink peace to her memory.

Ralph. If your honour pleases—to be sure they say folks alter, else she was not much given to peace in her life-time—I miss'd her sadly at first—she was so chatty, so quarrelsome, kept up such a buzzing every night—what a man's us'd to, your honour, is second nature.

Mr. Dorville. You have had fine weather for your harvest.

Ralph. Yes, your honour, but it has burnt the turnips—and I had one of the prettiest crops—to be sure its a fine season for the wheat, the oats and the barley, but as for me, the crop I've lost would have gone a long way towards my rent, so I was thinking to axe you for a little more time; it was your honour who put me into the farm, and lent me the money to stock it; and now I be just peeping above ground, as a body may say, to be dash'd——

Mr. Dorville. Well, well, Ralph, you ſhall have till the next quarter.—Here is Lady Eſther, come, you ſhall pay your reſpects to her.

Ralph. Not now—I humbly thank your honour—not now—the ſteward has been talking to her I know;—mayhap he has told her my errand, and he is no friend of mine.

Mr. Dorville. Another time then—as you pleaſe.

Ralph. Heaven bleſs your honour—but this is nothing new—you are always ſo—and to all of us—there is not a creature, man or boy—woman or child, that can ſpeak of you with a dry eye!

Mr. Dorville. I thank thee, Ralph—I thank thee. Good day, my honeſt fellow—good day.

[*Exit Ralph.*

SCENE III. *Enter Lady* ESTHER DORVILLE.

Lady Eſt. So Mr. Dorville: Ralph has been here—you have excuſed him his rent, I dare ſay—and the ſteward tells me that he is without money to pay the tradeſmen.

Mr. Dorville. Ralph has been unfortunate in his crop, my dear, and he has only aſked till the next quarter.

Lady Eſt. How can it be otherwiſe—inſtead of letting your farms to the moſt ſubſtantial men in the pariſh, is there a ſingle tenant who had a capital of his own?

Mr. Dorville. Is there a ſingle tenant who is without one now? Theſe little advances have ſupplied their induſtry with means.—You, yourſelf, have frequently confeſſed with pleaſure, that many a poor fellow, who muſt have remained idle without this aid, has grown up into cheerfulneſs and independence. The gloom and diſcontent

which preyed on my mind, while ſluggiſh and inactive, theſe purſuits have changed to confidence and gaiety.—Can you reproach me?—you, who remember what I was, and ſee what I am; would you have me again mean, ſuſpicious, harſh, cruel, and vindictive—the ſlave of paſſion, the creature of caprice.

Re-enter RALPH.

Ralph. Sir, Sir, ſuch an accident—the ſtage coach from London, loaded with paſſengers, inſide and out, has overſet juſt at the park gate! ſuch a ſight of them—there be bones broke ſurely.

Mr. Dorville. At the park-gate, do you ſay?—let all the ſervants follow me directly. [*Exit.*

Lady Eſt. (calling to him.) Mr. Dorville! Mr. Dorville!—Always ſomething to interrupt us, I never have his converſation for two minutes together;—his time and fortune are laviſh'd on every ſtranger he meets, while, in order to check his feelings, I am obliged to diſguiſe my own, and my anxiety on his account makes me appear to every one elſe peeviſh and unfeeling. Eh, why the people are coming here from the ſtage. He has aſked them to the houſe I dare ſay; he aſks every body he meets.

Suſan. A chaiſe, I ſaid a chaiſe— } *behind the*
Lizard. You ſaid a chaiſe indeed? } *ſcenes.*

Lady Eſt. The whole place is in an uproar—they take the houſe for an inn.

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Mr.* DORVILLE, *with* LIZARD *and* SUSAN, *(Lizard's coat torn, and her dreſs in diſorder.)*

Suſan. This comes of the ſtage—I told you that you ought to take a chaiſe, you know I did, and ſo did Jem and Jerry.

Liz.

Liz. Yes, yes; you all ſuggeſted a chaiſe, but you ſuggeſted no means of paying for it—' and I ' thought your advice like that of moſt other ' people, very pretty in theory, but of no uſe in ' practice.'

Mr. Dorville. I am afraid, Sir, you are the greateſt ſufferer of the party.

Lizard. I am indeed, Sir.

Mr. Dorville. No ſerious injury I hope.

Lizard. A very ſerious one, Sir.

Mr. Dorville. How! where!

Lizard. Where I am moſt vulnerable, Sir.

Mr. Dorville. Where you are moſt vulnerable!

Lizard. Yes, Sir! in my wardrobe!

Mr. Dorville. In your wardrobe! I am glad it is no worſe.

Lizard. Sir, I don't think it can be worſe, I never ſaw a worſe rent in the whole courſe of my life; a pretty pickle we are in to pay a viſit to a Nabób; then to go a foot, when the ſtage could have dropp'd us ſo neatly at the park-gate.

Mr. Dorville. What! is the rich eaſtern ſquire, our neighbour, Mr. Torrid, arrived?

Lizard. Yes, Sir, juſt arrived; my eyes have been rivetted to Lloyd's Liſt for the laſt three months, and the wind no ſooner chopped fair for the homeward-bound, than I trundled my daughter and ſelf into the ſtage; the ſtage overſet, and inſtead of finding myſelf in the houſe of a Nabob, I was lodged in a ditch on the oppoſite ſide of the road.

Mr. Dorville. He expects you then?

Lizard. No, Sir—I mean to ſurprize him with the ſudden appearance of myſelf and family; three ſons and a daughter, a ſnug and compact little knot. I mean my ſon, the doctor, to ſettle in

the

the county under the patronage of the Nabob, and if you are not engaged in the faculty, give me leave to recommend him.—Jem's a clever fellow, I aſſure you—juſt written a book on atmoſpheres—here's his card—eh—how—no—this is Jerry's—that's my ſon the architect, never miſs an opportunity of recommending the family.

Suſan. (endeavouring to ſtop him) Huſh, huſh.—Aye, now he's off about the family, its impoſſible to ſtop him.

Lizard. The doctor occupies the right-hand pocket, and the architect the left;—perhaps you have ſeen Jerry's book of plans, a correct, compact little thing in its way; if any friend of your's ſhould want a houſe, my life for it, ſomething there will hit.——Will your ladyſhip give me leave to introduce my daughter—a clever girl, though I ſay it, head teacher at Mrs. Monſoon's:—You have heard of Mrs. Monſoon, that parent of ſcience and needlework, who fits out the young ladies for India, keeps the firſt ſchool in town. A fine ſituation!—not a girl there but coſts her parents a fortune in dreſs and accompliſhments; and, as my ſon Jack ſays, they know more of life at ſixteen than their grandmothers do at ſixty.—Ey gad—there goes the coat again.—How ſhall I get to the Nabob's.

Mr. Dorville. I can lend you a coat, 'there 'is no difficulty in that, and, my dear, you will 'take care of the daughter.

Lizard. 'Lend me a coat——no difficulty in 'that? upon my ſoul, Sir, as Jack ſays, I have 'always found the getting a coat the moſt diffi- 'cult thing in life.'

Lady Eſt. I am ſure, my dear, that your coat will never fit that gentleman.

Lizard.

Lizard. Not fit? not fit? I never ſaw the coat that would not fit me. Mine is a ſort of Monmouth-ſtreet back, as Jack ſays—nothing comes amiſs to it. [*Exeunt Mr. Dorville and Lizard*

Lady Eſt. So, ſo! the man will walk off with the coat, and his daughter will be left on our hands.—Head teacher at Mrs. Monſoon's—a deſirable companion (*aſide*)—If Mrs. Monſoon's ſchool is ſo expenſive, I ſuppoſe your ſcholars are more ſelect than numerous?

Suſan. Pardon me, my lady, the more expenſive the ſchool, the more numerons the ſcholars.—Let me ſee—we have about thirty in the Indian department alone.

Lady Eſt. Indian department!—what can you mean?

Suſan. How ignorant people are in the country! (*aſide.*) Why, Mem, ſome of our young ladies are deſtin'd on a matrimonial ſpeculation for India, that we call the India department! they are kept quite diſtinct, and are got up in a particular way—they are to be creatures all fancy and faſcination—to be ſure one ought to have the eyes of Argus for ſuch an undertaking; no longer ago than laſt ſeaſon we ſent out a young lady to Bengal, actually beſpoke, and freighted out at the expence of the richeſt man in India, and, would you believe it, ſhe threw herſelf away upon a beggarly cadet, the chance companion of her voyage, inſtead of flying to the arms of a man worth half a million. But Mr. Dorville was ſo good as to ſay, (*holding up the ſkirt of her gown,*) Ah! poor Mr. Dorville, family grievances are not a pleaſant topic, as we tell our young ladies at Mrs. Monſoon's—or elſe I ſhould beg leave to aſk of your ladyſhip

ladyſhip if there is any truth in the report that about ſixteen years ago Mr. Dorville was a little—You underſtand me—I would not dwell on ſuch a ſubject for the world.

Lady Eſt. I perceive you would not.

Suſan. My only reaſon for enquiring is, that your ladyſhip may give me an opportunity of contradicting it from the firſt authority—for inſtance, the people were ſaying in the ſtage that Mr. Dorville had been croſt in his firſt love—that he ſomehow ſeparated in a ſtrange way from a lady he was either married, or contracted to, and that he married your ladyſhip in a moment of pique and reſentment. I am ſure your ladyſhip knows my motive for repeating theſe things. That after a few months of frenzy and deſperation, his temper totally changed, and from being moroſe, ſullen, and ſuſpicious, he is become—

Lady Eſt. You forget that you are not now in the ſtage. *(ſhewing her out.)*

Suſan. Ah that ſtage—I beg pardon my lady; but I hope you wont take any notice that I came down in the ſtage. If our young ladies at Mrs. Monſoon's were to hear that I travelled in a ſtage coach, they would loſe all reſpect for me ever after. *(Exit.)*

Lady Eſt. (following Suſan as ſhe goes out.) Theſe are the fruits of Mr. Dorville's good temper. A good-tempered man in a houſe is like a weather-cock on the top of it, of uſe to every body but the inhabitants. *(Exit.)*

SCENE V.

SCENE V. *The Hall of a magnificent Houſe. Sumptuous Furniture, &c. (A Number of Servants croſs the Stage with Baggage, &c.)*

Enter Mr. TORRID, *as juſt arrived.*

Torrid. Here's ſumptuouſneſs! here's magnificence! here's a contraſt! it is now three and twenty years ſince I paſſed this identical ſpot on my road to India. I had then a better opportunity of admiring the beauties of the country; for inſtead of travelling in a coach and four, I walked the whole way. (*Servants croſs with baggage.*) My baggage then was no great incumbrance, I carried all myſelf, it dangled in a handkerchief over the left ſhoulder at the end of a ſtick;---but now at my return I have baggage enough to freight an Indiaman, a houſe large enough to receive the whole county, 'and an eſtate,---order my 'horſes, I'll ride round it before dinner; on ſecond 'thoughts I may as well not,---for though I have 'horſes, I don't very well know how to ride;---no, 'no—not the horſes but the phaeton;---there's a 'little objection to that too---for though I have a 'phaeton I don't know how to drive,---but my ſon 'ſhall drive me.---Aye! there in Henry, I am ſe-'cure! not a creature can whiſper a ſyllable about 'his education,---I have bred him a gentleman at 'leaſt,' and if I can but prevail on 'him,' "my ſon Henry," to marry into a family of diſtinction ---I may ſit down in a calm and dignified repoſe for the reſt of my life,---and now to view my magnificence above ſtairs.---(*Exit up the ſtair-caſe into another room.*)

SCENE VI. *Enter Rosa and Henry,---as just arrived.*

Rosa. Why, Henry! why will you talk to me thus? Its so unkind of you to press me, when you know I have all the difficulty in the world to refuse you.

Henry. The difficulty is of your own creation,—I see you have caught the coldness of this climate; we are in England now, the attentions which you condescended to accept during the voyage, are become irksome on shore.

Rosa. Nay, nay, it is poor Rosa who has most cause to fear; I sometimes think you only lik'd me, because there was no other woman in the ship.

Henry. Cruel Rosa! can you thus assume a playfulness when the happiness of my life is at stake and in your power.

Rosa. Ah, Henry, in my power do you say? It might be so in India, but we are in England now; in England, where the women are all so fair, so beautiful! in every face I see a rival; and every rival so gay, so joyous, that I hang down my head in silence and in melancholy.

Henry. It was that soft melancholy which stole upon my heart; in your mother's last illness, Rosa, can I forget the graces of filial piety which then beamed around you.

Rosa. Your generous sympathy was then my only comfort: when I was in tears, dejected, desperate, it was your hand, Henry, which rais'd and supported me.

Henry. Why, why then persist in leaving us? why will you not consent to be mine? if our union had

had once taken place, my father would be reconciled.

Rofa. No, Henry—an orphan---a ftranger without a friend, without a name---I never can: the dark cloud which hangs over my life and fortune---

Henry. Will foon be remov'd---the letter which you have brought to Lady Dorville——

Rofa. Alas! I am yet ignorant of the contents: I only know they are of importance, as your father tells me; that letter was the fubject of my poor mother's laft requeft to him.

Henry. Lady Efther---or Mr. Dorville, is related to her probably, if fo---

Rofa. No! that hope fhe deftroy'd, to fecure me from difappointment—the calamities of her early life---the caufe of her exile!---All! all is at prefent wrapt in myftery---my memory only tells me that fhe was perfecuted, and my heart affures me fhe was innocent---to your father fhe has difclofed every particular of her ftory, and his ftudied referve on every queftion I can put to him, is a new ground of alarm---here he is---he feems difturbed, I will not afk him for the letter now, I will fee you once again before I go to Mr. Dorville's, but while thus abject, thus defolate---I never will be yours.

Henry. How little do you value my happinefs, when you can thus facrifice it to a romantic prejudice. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Re-enter Mr.* Torrid, *followed by a Servant.*

Torrid. Eh!---how---who do you fay?

Servant. Sir---the gentleman fays his name is Lizard.

Torrid. If it ſhould be that ſcoundrel, what ſort of a man is he—this ſtranger?

Servant. Why, Sir, for a ſtranger, he ſeems to make himſelf pretty much at home, for he has order'd the boot-jack, and call'd for biſcuits and Madeira!

Torrid. The devil he has—then I'm ſure 'tis he—how unlucky that he ſhould find me out already. *(Enter a ſecond Servant.)*

2d Servant. Sir, the gentleman below ſays, he's the oldeſt friend you have in the world—and that he's all impatience to ſee you!

Torrid. Zounds, ſirrah!—why did you ſay I was at home—ſend him away—yet if he ſhould betray me—the ſcoundrel knows he has me in his power—Liſſom—Liſſom did you ſay?

1ſt Servant. No, Sir, Lizard.

Torrid. Oh, Lizard, Lizard. [*running to meet him.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter* LIZARD.

Torrid. My dear fellow, is it you?—I am delighted to ſee you—how are you? how have you been? where have you been? how unkind not to write——

Lizard. Not write! I wrote by every packet.

Torrid. Why, I never received a line!

Lizard. I was not much ſurpriz'd at your ſilence—Moſt of my letters were applications for money, and ſomehow or other letters of that ſort are very apt to miſcarry.

' *Torrid.* Ah!—its a long time ſince we met—
' you are in your prime ſtill, ſmug and florid.'

Lizard. ' A long time indeed! I can't return
' the compliment, you are ſadly alter'd! when I
' left India, you was a hale hearty fellow—with a
' good complexion and a good pair of legs—but

' now

'now the bile has taken poſſeſſion of the citadel, 'hoiſted the yellow flag, and as for your legs, they 'are no better than a couple of toothpicks.'

'*Torrid.* They are ſtout enough to kick you 'down ſtairs if I had the ſpirit to do it.' (*aſide.*)

'*Lizard.* What did you ſay about ſpirit'---Let me ſee---its about ſix and thirty years ſince you and I were rival devils together in the office of old Plagiary the Printer.

Torrid. Yes---but never mind that now!

Lizard. We were diſcharg'd from our indentures on his elevation to the pillory.

Torrid. Why will you dwell on theſe things now?

Lizard. Do you remember it?---I remember it well! a glorious ſight! and ſuch was our zeal for the adminiſtration of juſtice, that though we had ſerv'd him five years, no two fellows there were more active in the diſtribution of eggs.

Torrid. Zounds! don't talk ſo loud---you'll be overheard——

Lizard. We then ſtarted on a peripatetic ſurvey of the country, in ſearch of an eſtabliſhment---I think I ſee you now trudging along with our joint wardrobe, at the end of our common ſtick---theſe are pleaſing recollections.

Torrid. Very pleaſing! what a memory you have!

Lizard. Every little circumſtance reſpecting you made ſuch an impreſſion——

Torrid. You are very kind.

Lizard. I felt the ſame intereſt as if it concern'd myſelf.

Torrid. That is too good of you.

Lizard. Yes—yes—I kept my eye conſtantly fixed on you—your contracts for your rice—your opium—your bullocks—nothing eſcaped me.

Torrid. I dare ſay not—egad!

Lizard. Eh, thought I—there he is, dear creature, broiling in the tropics, bartering his conſcience, deſtroying his conſtitution, ſelling himſelf to the devil, and all for my ſake.

Torrid. For your ſake! *(retreating with ſurprize and indignation.)*

Lizard. Ours, you know, is a partnerſhip account——

Torrid. Partnerſhip account! why, zounds, you don't mean—you don't venture—you don't pretend to ſay——

Lizard. Briefly this—You are in poſſeſſion of wealth, and I of the ſecret by which it was acquired; that I call a partnerſhip account; not that I have been idle myſelf—No, No. I ſhall bring my whole treaſure into the firm——Torrid, Lizard, and Co.

Torrid. Torrid, Lizard, and Co.!

Lizard. Yes, three ſons and a daughter—all educated for the purpoſe, all for your benefit;—there's a Co. for you—my whole family.

Torrid. For my benefit—Zounds, what have I to do with your family?—What's your family to me?

Lizard. What's my family to you!—why, I bred my eldeſt ſon to phyſic—Jem will take care of your health;—my next an architect—Jerry will build you a houſe;—as for Jack——

Torrid. Zounds, I ſhall be devoured alive.

Lizard. He's a man of letters, and ſhall write your life; a man who has made a rapid fortune in India ſhould always have ſomebody to write his

life;

life; why, even your life might be made to look well in hiſtory; as Jack ſays, there's many an honeſt fellow in hiſtory, that living would not have been truſted with ſixpence.———Then for my daughter———

Torrid. Huſh, huſh---my ſon Henry coming this way by all that's unlucky.

Lizard. Your ſon! the very perſon I wiſhed to ſee; you muſt introduce me to him.

Torrid. But you'll be ſecret.

Lizard. On what terms?

Torrid. Name them.

Lizard. An apartment in the houſe.

Torrid. An apartment in my houſe! *(with indignation at firſt, and then relaxing into an aſſumed complacency)*---well---well---you ſhall---to be ſure you ſhall. Who waits there! who waits! Shew this gentleman his room.

Lizard. And a room for Jem.

Torrid. One for Jem! What, another! Well, you ſhall---to be ſure you ſhall.

Lizard. Jem's a clever fellow, I aſſure you---written a book on atmoſpheres; what we uſed to call in the office a neat little article, ſmall octavo, pocket ſize, proves to demonſtration that all our diſeaſes ariſe from breathing the air of the atmoſphere.

Torrid. Never mind Jem and the atmoſphere now---I ſhall go mad---*(endeavouring to put him out.)*

Lizard. One for Jerry.

Torrid. Ridiculous! impoſſible! I'll not ſubmit---Yes, yes, you ſhall---I muſt appeaſe him for the preſent. *(Aſide.)*

Lizard. Jerry's a great man in his line, ſuch a head for building and improvements, run you up

a houſe

a houſe in no time; to be ſure, as Jack ſays, the moderns know how to build houſes, and our anceſtors knew how to live in them. Aye, Jack will be your favourite; ſays more good things than any man; I have a parcel of his impromptus in my pocket.---I muſt have a couple of horſes for Jack.

Torrid. You ſhall---you ſhall---it's in vain to contend till I can hit on ſomething deciſive.

Lizard. Then for my daughter.

Torrid. What, your daughter too!

Lizard. She is head teacher at Mrs. Monſoon's.

Torrid. Zounds, never mind Mrs. Monſoon now.

Lizard. What a happy fellow you'll be---your houſe full of the family---there will be Jem and Suſan, and---but Jack will be your favourite, I know he will. Mark my words, Jack will be your favourite. [*Exit.*

Torrid. (following) The plague ſeize Jack, Jem, Suſan, and the whole race of them.

END OF ACT I.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Library at Mr. Dorville's.*

Enter Mr. DORVILLE, *followed by* FRANK *and the Steward.*

Mr. Dorville. How, Frank, you, you apply to my ſteward to indorſe a note for five hundred pounds.

Steward. Yes, he did, Sir—here it is—its the way of them all, and ſo I tell you, but you'll never believe me.

Mr. Dorville. (*taking the note*) You, Frank, whom I have held up as a pattern of induſtry, to be giving a note for five hundred pounds.

Frank. Do but hear me, your honour, do but hear me; you know I rented a farm which now belongs to the Nabob.

Steward. Yes, Sir, his leaſe is out, and becauſe he had a good pennyworth of it, for the laſt ſeven years, he wants it for ſeven years more!

Frank. No, I don't, your honour—no I don't—I ſhould not mind an advance of rent—an advance of rent is but fair—when an eſtate is improved, the landlord has a right to his ſhare as well as the tenant; but to call on me all at once for five hundred pounds.

Mr. Dorville. For five hundred pounds.

Frank. Five hundred pounds is what he aſks for renewing the leaſe.

Steward. And a very reaſonable ſum too.

' *Mr. Dorville.* What, then, if inſtead of the ' five hundred pounds, he had raiſed the rent

'one hundred pounds a year, you could have 'paid it.'

'*Frank.* Yes, your honour, yes, I always 'look'd to an advance of rent.'

'*Steward.* So he ſays, Sir, and ſo they all ſay.'

Frank. I offer'd him my note for the money, your honour, and as he refuſed to take it, I made ſo bold to call and aſk your honour's ſteward to put his name to it; to be ſure its a little hard, after I have lived in the pariſh ſo many years, and paid every body their own, to have the farm let over my head, and my wife and children turned adrift.

Mr. Dorville. No, they ſhall not; (*goes to the table, and writes on the note.*) I'll put my name to the note.

Steward. Why, Sir, this is not your farm; he and his wife have no claim on you for it!

Mr. Dorville. Yes they have! in my mind an honeſt couple, who have given ſix children to their country, and reared them in habits of humble induſtry, have claims on the aſſiſtance of every man in it.

Frank. How! you? your! your name upon the note?

Mr. Dorville. I have not the money; but this will ſatisfy him as well.

Steward. But Sir, Sir, if they ſhould demand payment?

Mr. Dorville. I'll ſee Mr. Torrid myſelf, and explain it to him.

Frank. What does your honour really mean?

Mr. Dorville. Nay, nay Frank, it is but a loan; you'll lay by the money, and ſoon repay me?

Frank. I would ſpeak if I could, your honour, I would indeed.

Mr.

Mr. Dorville. If you were turned out of the farm, I ſhould have the whole family thrown upon me, ſo that you ſee I am an œconomiſt, Frank. Nay, nay, no thanks: do not diſtreſs me; go with my ſteward, my good fellow.

Frank. I don't thank you, I don't attempt to thank you, your honour; I am not ſuch a fool as to attempt to thank you, but I will pray for you, and my wife ſhall pray for you, and my children ſhall pray for you.

Mr. DORVILLE *puts out* FRANK *on one ſide, as*

— SCENE II —

Lady ESTHER, *with a Servant, enters on the other.*

Lady Eſt. (*to the Servant*) Sir Harry Fleetly, do you ſay?

Servant. Yes, Ma'am; he has juſt driven to the door, and a gentleman with him.

Lady Eſt. What, Mr. Dorville, have you aſk'd Sir Harry Fleetly to the houſe?

Mr. Dorville. Not I: but you know he's a man of faſhion, and never ſtays for an invitation; he brings himſelf and his friends, when it ſuits his convenience; do you receive him, and leave the reſt to me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sir HARRY FLEETLY & JACK LIZARD.

Sir Harry. (*before he enters*) Come along, Jack. Nine hours, fifty-nine minutes, and fifty-three ſeconds, by my watch, and I ſtopped the whole way, (*re-enter Lady Eſther, they bow.*) pretty good going for the laſt hundred.

Lady Eſt. Some important motive, no doubt, to cauſe ſuch haſte.

Sir Harry. O yes; to look at a horſe!

Lady Eſt. Two hundred miles to look at a horſe!

Sir Harry. Jack ſays his points are perfect—and he knows. I muſt introduce him—Lady Eſther this is my friend, Jack Tacid---Jack, this is Lady Eſther Dorville—Jack is the moſt uſeful fellow breathing; if you want a carriage built, dogs train'd, or horſes broke, there's not his match; he is every thing at the club---Lord Spot's ponies and pointers were all his chuſing---but what we moſt admire is his talent for converſation.

Lady Eſt. I am glad to hear it; a pleaſant companion is ſuch an acquiſition in the country.

Sir Harry. A pleaſant companion? he's the beſt companion breathing---he never opens his mouth; Jack's the only man I know that can hold his tongue amuſingly.

Lady Eſt. How.

Sir Harry. O he's not one of your damn'd proſing clever fellows, who are always on the watch for a good thing, as they call it; I hate wit, it always ſpoils ſociety: your clever fellow is a Bore that I conſtantly blackball. Why the other day, in ſpite of all I could do, they let a couple into the club, and inſtead of eating their dinner quietly, they were going off the whole time like a pair of caſtanets in a fandango, and kept up ſuch a whizzing about our ears, that Lord Spot and a ſcore of us ſent in our reſignation, and take our mutton quietly at another ſhop.

Lady Eſt. Now that you have let your houſe in this neighbourhood, Sir Harry, I did

did not expect the pleaſure of ſeeing you—I was quite—

Sir Harry. Yes, I have let the houſe, but I keep the ſtabling and paddocks—the pretti eſt run for brood mares in all England—is'nt it Jack, (*Jack nods*) then the fruit and game pays the expence.

Lady Eſt. What, do you ſell your fruit and game?

Sir Harry. We all do--don't we Jack? (*Jack nods*)

Lady Eſt. True, but you have the houſe in Suffolk, which is, I have heard, the beſt ſituation of the two.

Sir Harry. So it is—nets me a clean 500—does'nt it Jack? (*Jack nods.*)

Lady Eſt. How? with a clear unincumber'd eſtate of 6000 pounds a year—do you let both the family ſeats?

Sir Harry. Family ſeats, why they only lead to expence, eh, Jack? (*Jack nods.*)

Lady Eſt. And you have no country houſe?

Sir Harry. Nor town houſe either.

Lady Eſt. What, have you let the houſe in the ſquare?

Sir Harry. To be ſure; we can't maintain houſes, can we Jack?---No, there's no affording to have a houſe now—Poſting is ſo dear. (*Jack nods.*)

Lady Eſt. Where then is your reſidence?

Sir Harry. If by reſidence you mean where do I dreſs, I have lodgings in Bond-ſtreet, and occaſional apartments at all the watering places.---Or if by reſidence you mean where do I uſually ſleep, I generally poſt in the night, and ſleep in my carriage, we all do---don't we Jack? (*Jack nods*)

Lady Eſt. In your carriage?

Sir Harry. Yes---I can't bear to be ſtationary, we none of us can, and I verily believe that to breathe the ſame air for twenty-four-hours would be the death of me---it would be the death of all of us, would not it Jack?---Of this, at leaſt, I am ſure, that I ſhould have no appetite, and what would be life without an appetite?

Lady Eſt. Perhaps we have ſtaid in this air too long already---Mr. Dorville is within---Mr. Tacid will attend us---change of air, is, I ſuppoſe, juſt as neceſſary to your friend as to yourſelf.

Sir Harry. No, faith---I will ſay that for Jack---his appetite never fails, and I'll tell you how I account for it---moſt people have two ways of uſing their mouths, now, as he never ſpeaks, he has but one, and in that one he makes up for both! [*Exeunt Sir Harry and Lady Eſther---as Jack Lizard is following*

—SCENE IV—

Enter SUSAN *on the oppoſite Side.*

Suſan. Hiſt---hiſt---it certainly is---why brother this is unexpected indeed---did you come with Sir Harry?

Jack Liz. Huſh---huſh---I did!

Suſan. This it is to be a man of talents---its an introduction to the firſt ſociety.

Jack Liz. Huſh---huſh! or you'll ruin me---talents an introduction!

Suſan. Aye, I ſuppoſe it was your laſt pamphlet introduced you to Sir Harry?

Jack Liz. My laſt pamphlet---if Sir Harry ſuſpected me of being able to put two ſentences together---he'd drop me at the firſt turnpike.

Suſan.

Susan. What, then it was your tafte for Poetry?---I always faid that you was a pretty poet---and fo us'd all the young ladies at Mrs. Monfoon's.

Jack. No, Suzy---the moft ufeful piece of knowledge I ever learnt, was to affect ignorance---I have made my way with Sir Harry, and the whole fet, by conftantly appearing to have an inferior underftanding to theirs---they fancy I am a dull illiterate fellow; and make me their butt forfooth.---

Susan. Well now---I can't put up with that---if any of our young ladies, at Mrs. Monfoon's, make a butt of me, I always lofe my temper.

Jack. Pfhaw--- as their jokes are without point, I never triumph fo much as when the laugh is againft me.

Susan. Eh!---here is my father.

SCENE V.

Enter LIZARD.

Lizard. My dear Jack---how fortunate!

Jack L. Jack---for the world don't call me Jack---If Sir Harry knew I had a poor relation, he'd fufpect fome defign, and cut directly—

Susan. Jack came down with Sir Harry Fleetly—is his intimate friend.

Lizard. 'I know it, I know it, I have heard of 'his new filent nodding acquiefcing character—'the rogue!!!'—Aye, thefe are the fruits of the education I have given you all—a liberal education, fent you all to the beft fchools, and leaft they fhould fpoil you by indulgence—never paid a fixpence after the firft quarter—oh, there's nothing like giving children a liberal education.

Jack Liz.

Jack Liz. Liberal enough! you taught us life as the Indians teach their children to ſwim, they ſeize them by the nape of the neck as ſoon as born, and chuck them into the water to ſhift for themſelves.

Lizard. Aye, and they always ſwim!!!—what, you got my letter, Jack, eh?

Jack Liz. Yes, it was that brought me down with Sir Harry—but what are you doing in this part of the country; why ſend for me in ſuch haſte?

Lizard. To introduce you to a nabob.

Jack Liz. What's the ſtory of this nabob?

Suſan. Aye, father, what's the ſtory of this nabob.

Lizard. In the firſt place, I mean that Suſan ſhould marry his ſon.

Suſan. I, I marry the ſon of a nabob?

Lizard. In the next place, I mean that you ſhould marry an Indian heireſs, who is his ward.

Jack Liz. But, how am I to marry his ward?

Suſan. How am I to marry his ſon?

Jack Liz. What is your influence over her? (*rapidly, on each ſide of Lizard.*)

Suſan. What is your influence over him?

Lizard. Secrets, ſecrets all; in the firſt place, this heireſs is one whoſe fortune is a ſecret even to herſelf.

Jack Liz. How? a ſecret?

Lizard. Yes, a ſecret, which you ſhall hear from me, and ſhe from you.

Suſan. But the young nabob is in poſſeſſion of his fortune?

Lizard. And I of the ſecret by which it was acquired; come with me, and I'll introduce you both directly.

Jack Liz. Father, you are a great man!!!

Lizard.

Lizard. You compliment, Jack, you compliment.

Jack Liz. I feel the kindred ſpirit mounting.

Suſan. So do I; I'll go and put on my cloaths directly, that is, Lady Eſther's cloaths I mean.

Lizard. Your hands (*takes one of each*) courage, and the day's our own.

Jack Liz. and Suſan. We'll not degenerate father, we'll not degenerate.

Lizard. If the doctor and the architect were here, my happineſs would be complete; what a book Jem's is, proves to demonſtration—(*Jack Liz. ſtops his mouth.*) what a head Jerry has for building and improvements—(*Suſan ſtops his mouth*) diſeaſes ariſe! run you up a houſe! (*they alternately ſtop his mouth as they are going off.*) To be ſure there never was ſuch a family!!

SCENE VI. *At Mr. Torrid's.*

Enter Mr. TORRID.

Torrid. Some fatality is ſure to attend me, whenever I mean to be honeſt; juſt at the moment I was about to keep my promiſe to Roſa's mother, and deliver the letter to Lady Eſther Dorville, this raſcal Lizard comes acroſs me, and makes it neceſſary that I ſhould ſuppreſs the letter, and every ſyllable of her ſtory for my own ſafety, 'the knave, with a natural ridicule in 'his character, which one muſt laugh at, has an ac-'quired ſhrewdneſs which I cannot but fear.'

SCENE VII. *Enter* HENRY.

Henry. I am happy, Sir, to find you alone; in one word, the future happineſs of my life hangs on the preſent moment! If Roſa leaves the houſe, an

an opportunity is loſt which I may never meet again. I flatter myſelf that your conſent is only wanting to our union. (*Lizard, ſpeaking behind,* Servants' hall, ſhew me to the ſervants' hall.) What noiſe is this?

Torrid. That raſcal Lizard again.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* LIZARD, *purſuing the Servant.*

Lizard. The ſervants' hall! ſhew me to the ſervants' hall, is this treatment for your maſter's friend, the oldeſt friend he has in the world!

Torrid. So, ſo—it will all come out, leave the room, Sir. [*Exit ſervant.*

Lizard. Leave the houſe! is this treatment for your maſter's partner?

Henry. How?

Torrid. Huſh—huſh—huſh!

Lizard. Yes, Sir, my name is Lizard, the man who ſav'd your father's character at the expence of his own; come, come, don't affect ignorance, he muſt have told you.

Henry. What do you mean?

Torrid. Don't liſten to him, Henry, don't liſten to him, for Heaven's ſake, ſilence! (*to Lizard.*)

Lizard. Come, come, you know the ſtory, that your father and I ſtarted in London together, where our ſucceſs was ſo bad, that conſcious of our own merit, we thought it muſt be the effect of the climate; my ſon Jem the doctor, ſays there's a great deal in climate; I hope to introduce him to you; a clever fellow I aſſure you; written a book on atmoſpheres; proves to demonſtration that all our diſeaſes—

Henry.

Henry. (interrupting him) For heaven's ſake, Sir, proceed in your ſtory; what ſtrange myſtery is this?

Lizard. What are you really ignorant then? Very odd that.

Henry. Go on, go on.

Lizard. I will, Sir, I will.—We embarked our capital of induſtry for India; on our arrival the market was ſo over-ſtocked that we were on the point of ſmaſhing, when a lady came to a relation at Calcutta with an infant daughter.

Henry. A lady with an infant daughter!

Lizard. That relation died, and left her his whole fortune, which, by a lucky accident, was put into your father's hands; with this we ſpeculated, ſucceeded—again ſpeculated, and ſhould have again ſucceeded, but, from ſome reports, the lady had ſuſpicions, and ſhe required her money to be produced on the inſtant; that was impracticable; your father prevailed on me to fly, I conſented, we divided the fortune, and I took the whole of the diſgrace; he ſtaid in India, I came to England—he's a Nabob, and I'm not worth ſixpence.

Henry. What do I hear?

Lizard. A ſecret—the whole is a ſecret—not a ſyllable has tranſpired—it is in your power to keep it ſo;—talk the matter over together—no ceremony with me—I can amuſe myſelf with the biſcuits and Madeira. *(goes to the table where the wine is.)*

Henry. For heaven's ſake, Sir, break this ſilence, and tell me who—who was the victim?

Torrid. Victim! Did I not ſupport her and her mother? *(to Lizard.)*

Henry. How! is it then Roſa? is Roſa the victim of your injuſtice---of my father's injuſtice? What, if ſhe ſhould have ſuſpicions! What, if ſhe ſhould think me a confederate in the deſign upon her fortune?---the offer of my hand this morning muſt have appeared a contemptible artifice, a plot on her affections, by a mean affectation of diſintereſtedneſs. Oh, no! I wrong her generous nature, ſhe is without ſuſpicion, and the injury the more atrocious. I know not how to act.

Torrid. Henry! I ſay!

Henry. Is it you, Sir, is it my father! who is thus diſgrac'd, diſhonour'd?

Torrid. Diſhonour'd! you forget the whole is yet a ſecret, known only to this man, if he is pacified we are ſafe.

Henry. I know not how to act; to tell her of her wrongs, to diſcloſe the truth——

Torrid. Diſcloſe the truth---why what the devil do you mean? to expoſe me to the world---my own ſon---do you not feel what would be my ſituation if you ſhould tell?

Henry. Believe me, Sir, I do; make any terms with this man, his object is clear. I'll retire, and compoſe myſelf, you'll find me in your room; I am over-whelm'd with ſhame and horror. [*Exit*.

Lizard. *(calling after him)* Sir, Sir,---he ſeems unwell, has he bad health?

Torrid. Pſhaw.

Lizard. How lucky my ſon, the doctor, is coming; he'll ſoon ſet all to rights. I don't think you look well; it's a very deſirable thing to have a medical man always in the family.

Torrid. Why would you thus expoſe me to my ſon; I would have kept it from him at all events.

 Lizard.

Lizard. I am vaſtly pleaſed with that ſon of yours.

Torrid. Scoundrel! (*Aſide.*)

Lizard. I have been turning this buſineſs over in my mind, and I begin to think that five of us be quartered on you at once may be rather inconvenient.

Torrid. Raſcal! (*Aſide.*)

Lizard. That as I have you in my power, there is ſomething mean in taking advantage of it.

Torrid. Impudent villain. (*Aſide.*)

Lizard. Something mercenary, ſelfiſh. Now, I hate every thing mercenary or ſelfiſh.

Torrid. Give me your hand, now that is thinking like a friend.

Lizard. But then how are we to manage; my tongue has a deſperate itch to be babbling.

Torrid. I hope not, I hope not.

Lizard. Yes it has—unleſs—

Torrid. Unleſs what?

Lizard. Unleſs—come, to be conciſe—' unleſs ' there's a union of the families.

' *Torrid.* A union of the families.

' *Lizard.* Yes, it ſeems you have brought this ' young heireſs to England. Now, in the firſt ' place, I mean to propoſe that you ſhould marry ' her to one of my ſons.

' *Torrid.* Whether ſhe conſents or not?

' *Lizard.* As to her conſent, there's no doubt ' of it; to be ſure ſhe will be perplexed in her ' choice. I ſhould myſelf; they have all their re- ' commendations. Jack's a noble fellow, but ' then Jerry has ſuch an eye, and the doctor is ſo ' inſinuating.

' *Torrid.* But how is the marriage of Roſa ' with one of your ſons to ſecure ſecrecy?

' *Lizard.*

'*Lizard.* True, it will not; we muſt go farther.' You have a ſon and I a daughter.

Torrid. Why you don't mean—(*ſtartin to the other end of the ſtage.*)

Lizard. Nothing but their marriage will kep my tongue quiet.

Torrid. Their marriage! impoſſible!

Lizard. It's an infirmity, I am ſorry for it nothing but their marriage can keep my tongue quiet. I feel it at work now, at this moment, and yet here in this neighbourhood, where you are come to ſettle——

Torrid. Stay, ſtay.

Lizard. Yes—it's a going—its a going, and if once off, the devil himſelf can't ſtop it.

Torrid Hold, hold, let me conſider a moment. Suppoſe I was to ſee his daughter, perhaps ſomething might be done with her. [*Aſide.*]

Lizard. Yes, I have ſet my heart upon the match.

Torrid. Well, well, let me ſee her then.

Lizard. That you ſhall directly. I don't think I told you ſhe is head teacher at Mrs. Monſoon's.

Torrid. Yes, yes, you did.

Lizard. Come along then; ſhe's below.

Torrid. How, below? then there's not a moment to be loſt.

Lizard. Juſt what Jem ſays when he takes up his hat and ſtick to viſit a patient. How I long to have the families united. [*Exit.*

Torrid. (*following him, ſtops*) I ſee that this diſcovery has cut my ſon to the heart; there is but one reſource left to reconcile him and defeat Lizard. Yes, I'll conſent to Henry's marriage with Roſa, and if I can but pacify Lizard till it is

is concluded, or bribe his daughter to aſſiſt in my ſcheme, my character and fortune may yet be ſafe. [*Exit*

SCENE IX. *Opens to a magnificent Drawing-Room at Mr. Torrid's, with folding Doors in the Centre.*

Enter HENRY.

Henry. It is but a few hours ſince life appeared to me as a gay viſion of the faireſt hue. I had from nature a mind open to enjoyment, and fortune ſeemed to have done her part; my father's circumſtances were affluent, and my young heart exulted in the hope of raiſing her I lov'd, from a condition of dependence, to be the wife of my boſom, the partner of my proſperity. My imagination expanded at the thought, I ſeem'd to tread the air. Alas, how chang'd, how fallen! (*Roſa ſinging behind the ſcenes*). 'Tis Roſa! the ſweet melody of her voice quite overpowers me.

Majeſtic roſe the god of day
In yon bright burniſh'd ſky,
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,
And heav'd himſelf on high:
On the deck Henry ſtood,
To view the ſwelling tide,
Ah—no—Henry—no!
He thought not of the flood,
'Twas Roſa by his ſide.

(*Roſa*

(Rosa enters, and sings the second stanza on the stage.)

Now softly sunk the setting sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed,
The evening watch was hush'd and done,
The pilot " hung his head."
On the deck Rosa staid
To view the waters glide,
Ah—no—Rosa—no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,
'Twas Henry by her side.

Rosa. How do you shun me, Henry! I shall not be long here to importune you.

Henry. I thought you were already gone to Mr. Dorville's.

Rosa. Would you then have suffered me to go without seeing you again? Do you wish me gone?

Henry. I do—yet stay—before you leave the house let me entreat your pardon for what passed this morning.

Rosa. My pardon, what do you mean? I know and feel the disparity of our condition.

Henry. Disparity indeed! (*with deep concern.*)

Rosa. You are in affluence, I am poor and dependant.

Henry. That dependance I cannot think of without shame and horror! I have hitherto forborne to press you with unnecessary questions—but your mother—Do you remember her coming to India? Do you remember her situation? as to fortune I mean?

Rosa. I was too young to have any recollection of it, but she once told me that the best part of her uncle's property had been confided to your father, and lost by the treachery of one of his agents. I never prest her on the subject, as she studiously concealed from me every particular of her life. I was only admitted to share her tears, and not her confidence.

Henry. Then this man's story is confirmed to the full extent.

Rosa. What can you mean? You seem agitated! You seem unwell!

Henry. I am indeed! sick, sick at heart—do not despise me Rosa, and yet I deserve it at your hands.

Rosa. You Henry! you deserve it! at my hands! you, from whose generosity I have found protection!

Henry. Protection? Do you call it protection? Go to Mr. Dorville's, leave this house immediately, every being here is tainted with falsehood and dishonour.

Rosa. With falsehood and dishonour?—You are not going Henry? you are not going to leave me without some explanation?

Henry. You shall hear from me, Rosa; I will write to you; I will reveal a mystery which involves the conduct of one, whom however culpable, I am bound to revere. I am unequal to the tale of horror; it shall be disclosed to you by letter. Rosa! Rosa! you will learn too soon that I am the most unfortunate of human beings. [*Exit.*

Rosa. Henry—stay, stay, I entreat of you—you, you unfortunate? what then am I? what then is Rosa? Did he not tell me to go to

Mr. Dorville's, to leave this houſe? did he not ſay it was tainted with falſehood and diſhonour? Yes Henry, I underſtand you: his father has refuſed his conſent to our marriage, and will no longer ſuffer me to remain under his roof; he ſhall be obey'd; I will obtain from him my mother's letter to Lady Eſther Dorville, and then theſe doors are clos'd on me for ever.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Room at Mr.* TORRID'S.

Enter ROSA.

Rosa. Strange that I can no where ſee Mr. Torrid, to aſk him for this letter.

SCENE II. *Enter* SUSAN.

Suſan. Mr. Torrid! did you wiſh to ſee Mr. Torrid, Miſs? he's engag'd at preſent with my father upon ſome buſineſs in which I am a little intereſted—Oh, that muſt have been you I heard ſinging, Miſs—you have a very pretty voice, only you ſpeak too plain when you ſing—bleſs me, I underſtood every word. You are juſt come from India, I hear, and you knew Mr. Torrid there, I believe?

Roſa. Yes, I did.

Suſan. And his ſon too?

Roſa. I came over in the ſame ſhip with him.

Suſan. I am told that he is a very perſonable young man.

Roſa. Yes, yes, he is—but why do you enquire?

Suſan. I proteſt that I am glad to hear it! and pray Miſs, and if I may take the liberty, what age is he?

Roſa. About five and twenty—but why ſhould you aſk?

Suſan. Five and twenty!—I am glad of it!

Roſa. Glad of it!

Susan. And pray, Miſs, what ſort of a man is he? is he tall or ſhort—fair or brown?—What ſort of complexion has he? What is the colour of his hair?

Roſa. I don't know! I can't tell! (what does the woman mean by theſe queſtions, ſurely ſhe has ſome deſign on Henry.) [*aſide.*

Suſan. Oh! you'll excuſe me, Miſs—but I ſee you was not brought up at Mrs. Monſoon's—why, there's not one of our young ladies but would have anſwer'd all theſe queſtions, and look'd him over, as we call it, in five minutes converſation with him.

Roſa. Yes, yes, ſhe has certainly ſome deſign on him. What a fright ſhe is!

SCENE III. *Enter* LIZARD, *followed by the Servant.*

Servant. I told you, Sir, my maſter was not here!

Lizard. But the young lady is, Sir—the very perſon I wiſhed to ſee; give me leave to introduce my daughter, Miſs—What! ſhe has introduced herſelf—brought her here at the requeſt of the Nabob—Here he is, Suzy, coming to make propoſals for his ſon!

Roſa. Propoſals for his ſon?

Lizard. Yes, for his ſon to marry my daughter; they were contracted to each other in the cradle.

Roſa. I'll not believe it! yet how ſtrange was Henry's conduct! can this be the myſtery he talk'd of?

Lizard. Here comes Mr. Torrid, you may aſk him; 'gad, here's a little attachment which may ſtand in our way.

Roſa.

Rosa. I have no right to ask!

Lizard. I dare say Suzy will have no objection to your staying! eh Susan! what, the young Nabob has been saying a few soft things; and yet when he knew of his engagement to my daughter, that was not quite so honourable. You look unwell.

Rosa. I am lately returned from India—its the mere change of air—your arm if you please?

Lizard. To be sure—to be sure, how lucky my son the doctor is coming—he is very great on airs—I expect him here in the course of the day, and my son Jack, you'll be delighted with Jack; such a companion, I have a parcel of his impromptues in my pocket, (*talking as he leads her out.*) [*Exeunt Lizard and Rosa.*

Susan. Poor thing, (*contemptuously*). But here comes the old gentleman, how shall I receive him, the pathetic, or didactic; both by all means. I'll first overpower him by civility, and then I'll astonish him by erudition.

SCENE IV. *Enter Mr.* TORRID.

Torrid. Miss Susannah Lizard---I presume---

Susan. The same, Sir---at your service---pray be seated, Sir. Be seated. (*they bow with great ceremony.*)

Torrid. I am come on a business in which my son's happiness is materially interested.

Susan. Not more than mine, Sir---I assure you.

Torrid. You are head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's boarding school I think---

Susan. Family, Sir---if you please---I see he's ignorant, and I'll astonish him. (*aside.*)

Torrid. I beg pardon---Family is it?---A very subordinate

subordinate ſtation for a perſon of your talents and accompliſhments.

Suſan. I think I have heard my father ſay---that your early habits were literary---they like one ſhould obſerve theſe things. (*aſide*)

Torrid. She knows the whole ſtory of old Plagiary, I ſee. *(aſide)* Yes, Ma'am, yes.

Suſan. That you were brother ſtudents---

Torrid. Brother ſtudents---Yes, Ma'am, yes, we were together in his office---but permit me to ſay---that this ſituation of your's, at Mrs. Monſoon's---is a very ſubordinate one for a perſon of ſuch taſte and accompliſhments.

Suſan. This compliment to his literature has quite captivated him, and now I'll aſtoniſh him by my erudition. (*aſide*) Ah, Sir, the moderns do not hold us pedagogues in the ſame degree of eſtimation as the ancients did---I dare ſay you are intimately acquainted with thoſe illuſtrious philoſophers who taught in the ſchools of antiquity.

Torrid. Why, Ma'am, I can't charge my memory with a very accurate recollection---

Suſan. I mean, Sir, with Socrates, Plato, and Ariſtotle---or, the more modern, Plutarch, Epictetus, Suetonius, Quintilian---or, perhaps, your reſearches are ſtill more recent?

Torrid. Ma'am!

Suſan. Buſby, Bentley, Milton, Watts, Johnſon———

Torrid. Zounds, I ſhall never recover my ears again. I was only about to ſay, Ma'am, when theſe gentlemen interrupted us, that though the ſtation is honourable, yet it is beneath a perſon of your taſte and ſcience: if, therefore, I could be

be the means of extricating you, I ſhould render a ſervice to the cauſe of literature.

Suſan. Oh, Sir! I ſee he is quite captivated. (*aſide.*)

Torrid. As for this marriage, I am ſorry to ſay that it cannot take place.

Suſan. How, Sir?

Torrid. Yes, Ma'am, there is, unfortunately, unfortunately, I ſay, for you ſeem made for each other, an inſuperable obſtacle to the marriage between Henry and yourſelf—

Suſan. An inſuperable obſtacle!

Torrid. Yes, Ma'am, my ſon cannot have the honour of your hand, ſince, between ourſelves, he is married already.

Suſan. Married already?—then there's an end of our whole ſcheme. (*aſide*).

Torrid. Yes, to the young lady from India. A match contracted without my privity, and certainly to my mortification, now that I ſee the opportunity he has loſt—but if you'll conſent to a little propoſition—

Suſan. What do you mean, Sir?

Torrid. Nothing improper, Ma'am!!! nothing but what any of theſe gentlemen of your acquaintance might have propoſed: it is of importance that this marriage ſhould be kept ſecret from your father, and if you would contrive that the rejection ſhould proceed from you---

Suſan. But how can the rejection come from me?

Torrid. Nothing eaſier, we have only to tranſfer the objection from his ſide to your's. Suppoſe you were to ſay, that you are married already: my ſon married without his father's conſent

consent or knowledge, and you may be married without your's.

Susan. I marry! without my father's consent! I, head teacher at Mrs. Monsoon's!---I---that the morals of the rising generation—I, whose poverty never led me even in thought to stray from the paths of virtue. I marry!——

Torrid. I don't mean that you should actually marry---I only want you to say, that you are married, and I have a little note here just presented to me by my Steward, a note of Mr. Dorville's——

Susan. A note of Mr. Dorville's!

Torrid. Yes, for five hundred pounds.

Susan. For five hundred pounds!—to be sure, Sir, I should be very sorry that the young gentleman was put to any inconvenience on my account.

Torrid. I am sure you would (*gives the note.*) I am sure you would---Here is Henry, and if we could see your father, your rejection might be given directly.

Susan. He's in the next room---if you'll follow me there, I shall have a few minutes to compose myself. And to consult with my father on our best mode of proceeding. (*aside*) [*Exit Susan.*

Torrid. This story of Henry's marriage with Rosa was a lucky invention, and backed with the five hundred pounds must be succesful---to be sure money does get a man into scrapes, but then its the very best specific to get him out again.

SCENE V. *Enter* HENRY.

Henry. Well, Sir, where have you been? what says this man?

Torrid. His terms are monstrous!

Henry.

Henry. So I ſuppos'd—

Torrid. To ſatisfy him with money is impoſſible. He has made a propoſition of another kind.

Henry. Will it be effectual?

Torrid. Yes yes! effectual enough.

Henry. Name it, Sir; name it.

Torrid. It concerns yourſelf.

Henry. Concerns me!

Torrid. But the ſacrifice is too great.

Henry. No ſacrifice can be too great, conſiſtent with honour.

Torrid. Oh, this is perfectly honourable; he only requires that you ſhould marry his daughter.

Henry. I marry his daughter! does he think me mad?

Torrid. I have ſeen the girl—nay more, I have promis'd that you ſhall make a declaration to her.

Henry. How?

Torrid. Lizard is now expecting us in the next room.

Henry. You cannot ſuppoſe, Sir——

Torrid. I have given her a note for five hundred pounds to ſay that ſhe is married already.

Henry. Well!

Torrid. So that you may make the offer in ſecurity, and if the rejection proceeds from her, Lizard can have no right to complain of us.

Henry. There is a coarſeneſs in the proceeding. No, Sir, I cannot ſubmit to it.

Torrid. Not ſubmit to it! when your father's character is at ſtake! when I am ready to make every ſacrifice for you!

Henry. How?

Torrid. By conſenting to your marriage with Roſa, when I might have ſecured an alliance with ſome family of diſtinction.

Henry. I! I marry Rofa! every fentiment of juftice and propriety revolts at the idea; my marriage with her is impoffible.

Torrid. You are not ferious. Impoffible? your marriage with her impoffible? When I refus'd my confent, you could not live without her; and now that it may be the means of preferving my character, you tell me it's impoffible; nay you refufe to defcend from your romance fo far, as to make an offer to Lizard's daughter, though I have told you——

Henry. No, Sir; I will make that offer, on one condition.

Torrid. What is it?

Henry. That you make reftitution to Rofa.

Torrid. Reftitution?—well, well; I will.

Henry. Ample and immediate?

Torrid. Yes, yes, on the day of your marriage.

Henry. Again, Sir, do you talk of my marriage?

Torrid. Why, you talk'd of nothing elfe yourfelf an hour ago?—Well, well, it fhall be as you pleafe. I fee that I have loft your affections?

Henry. No, Sir—you are ftill my father; I beg your pardon: I am every way unfortunate; it fhould be my duty to foften, not to aggravate, the horrors of your fituation. Where is this man's daughter? Come, Sir, I will make the offer. I fhall have at leaft the confolation of reflecting, that I have made fome facrifice for the fecurity of your happinefs, though my own is forfeited for ever. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *A Drawing Room, with folding Doors at the Back of the Stage.*

Enter LIZARD, *following* ROSA.

Lizard. Juſt let me read you again that impromptu of my ſon Jack's—Why, you don't liſten. Well, well, here comes my daughter; you may now learn from her the reſult of the interview—and the Nabob and his ſon—both coming—I told you ſo—there, your Henry! as you ſtile him—Will you believe your own eyes?

Roſa. No—I will not.—Yes, he is indeed coming. I dare not meet him, all my boaſted reſolution would ſink to nothing; I feel it would.

Lizard. 'Gad I begin to think ſhe would be as well out of the way, ſhe's a dangerous ſort of a perſonage (*aſide*). What, you wiſh to avoid him. I admire your ſpirit. In that room you may conceal yourſelf till he is gone.

Roſa. Why ſhould I conceal myſelf?

Lizard. There is no other way out of the room, unleſs you chuſe to meet him.

Roſa. Can it be true? as this man ſays; is he indeed come with ſuch a purpoſe? Meet him? Oh no! If it be ſo, hide me from Henry, from the world, from myſelf. (*goes within the doors.*)

SCENE VII. *Enter* SUSAN.

Suſan. They are coming, Sir, they are coming, but our whole plan is defeated.

Lizard. Defeated! how? ſpeak ſoftly. (*takes her from the door where Roſa is.*)

Suſan. Mr. Torrid's ſon is already married to the young girl from India.

Lizard. What?

Suſan. He has juſt told me of it.

 Lizard

Lizard. Impoffible! he never hinted fuch a thing this morning.

Sufan. He has given me a note of Mr. Dorville's for five hundred pounds, to fay that I am married, that the objection may appear to you to be on my fide.

Lizard. A note of Mr. Dorville's for five hundred pounds, (*takes it*) to fay that you are married, that the objection may appear to me to be on your fide. Nay, then, I fee through the defign; this marriage of his fon is a mere pretence—fo, fo, does he play me falfe—and what faid you?

Sufan. I promifed; and he is now coming to make the offer.

Lizard. Is he? the very thing I could have wifh'd. Rofa is in that room; there's no way out; fhe can't efcape; and if you but make him fpeak loud enough, in fpite of herfelf fhe will hear every word he fays—So, Mr. Nabob, plot and counterplot; here they are (*fpeaks to Sufan.*)

Sufan. But you may as well give me the note, Sir.

Lizard. Oh fye, fye—never mind—oh fye. (*pockets the note.*)

SCENE VIII.

Enter TORRID *and* HENRY.

Henry. I am afhamed of the part I have undertaken.

Torrid. (*pufhing Henry*) Hufh, hufh—Madam, my fon.

Henry. The embarraffment, Madam—under which—I fay, Madam—the embarraffment—you fee I am embarraffed, Madam.

Sufan.

Susan. Not more than I am, Sir, I assure you.

Henry. (after Torrid has pull'd him) I trust, Madam, after what has passed between you and my father, that this embarrassment is not misinterpreted by you. *(Torrid pulls him.)*

Torrid. What are you about?

Henry. That is, I mean, Madam, that you are convinced of the force of my attachment, which thus—

Susan. I am, Sir; and, if the sympathies of a mutual passion—

Henry. (rising) How! *(turns round, and meets Lizard)* confusion!

Lizard. (to him) What an elegant creature she is.

(Henry turns from him, and meets Susan)

Susan. If the sensibilities of a heart tremblingly alive—

(Henry turns from Susan, and meets Lizard.)

Lizard. All nerve.

(Henry turns again from Lizard, and meets Susan.)

Susan. If the idea of a rival—

(Henry turns from Susan, and meets Lizard; again turns from Lizard, and is met by Susan; and, in order to get away, rushes to the folding doors, which he opens, and discovers Rosa.)

Rosa. You have no rival; he is releas'd! Rosa herself releases him from every tie of honour, of love. Mr. Torrid, why, why will you not give me this letter to Lady Dorville; alas, it is now my only dependance. Am I detained to be publicly insulted?

Henry. Hear me, Rosa; I entreat you, hear me.

Rosa

Rosa. No, Sir, I have already heard too much. I can now resign my pretensions without regret. I am undeceived, and glad of it; I would say so coldly, coldly as you have done, but there's a something here, here at my heart, which will not suffer me; dissimulation is new to me. Ah, Henry, Henry, it is the only lesson I ever learnt from you with difficulty. [*Exit.*

Henry. Stay, I conjure you, Rosa, stay. *(following her.)*

Lizard. Follow her, Susan---follow her directly---they must be kept apart at any rate---(*aside, to Susan*) [*Exit Susan.*]---What does she mean by this letter to Lady Dorville?

Torrid. A letter of introduction from her mother.

Lizard. 'Pshaw, only a letter of introduction; what's a letter of introduction? I know what a letter of introduction is, they'll ask her to dinner once, and never see her face afterwards.

Torrid. But she has further claims.

Lizard. What claims?

Torrid. Claims of a nature---

Lizard. What nature? I'll go and ask her.

Torrid. Stay, stay! She is ignorant of them herself, but they are explained in this letter.

Lizard. Claims of which she is ignorant. 'Pshaw, this is a mere trick, evasion; there is no such letter.

Torrid. No such letter---here it is (*Giving it.*)

Lizard. Let me see it---(*Takes the letter.*)

Torrid. I am as unwilling to have it deliver'd as you can be; it may lead to the discovery of a secret.

Lizard. What, of our secret? This letter must not be deliver'd.

Torrid.

Torrid. Not deliver'd! But my ſon inſiſts---

Lizard. Your ſon inſiſt? then I'll impound the letter, to relieve you from any further difficulty.

Torrid. Impound the letter? What are you about?

Lizard. It's juſt as ſnug in my pocket as in yours. Huſh, huſh, here he is. (*Henry returns.*)

Henry. She is gone, and will not hear me. What does ſhe mean, Sir, by her enquiry for this letter to Lady Eſther Dorville; have you not given it?

Lizard. Its miſlaid, loſt. (*Goes to the ſide ſcene.*)

Henry. How? impoſſible!

Torrid. Well, well, it ſhall be delivered, when you are married.

Henry. I ſee while that is poſſible, all efforts to make her reſtitution will be fruitleſs.

Lizard. Suſan has overtaken her, and all is ſafe. (*Looking out*) What the devil are they whiſpering about. (*aſide*) Reſtitution! why, what do you mean?

Torrid. (*to Lizard*) He knows not what he means. (*To Henry*) What are you about? you forget that this man muſt be pacified.

Henry. Make but the reſtitution you promis'd, and he ſhall be pacified.

Torrid. How?

Henry. I will pacify him.

Torrid. But how?

Henry. Leave that to me.

Lizard. You don't ſuppoſe that I am fool enough to——

Torrid. You ſee—you ſee—(*to Henry.*)

Henry. Leave us together, and I'll undertake for the refult.

Torrid. Well, well, I am gone; but remember he has me in his power.

Henry. I do, I do. [*Exit Torrid.*

Lizard. Reftitution! and do you fuppofe, young Sir, that I am the dupe of this magnanimous reftitution?

Henry. I don't underftand you, Sir.

Liard. No, no; the artifice is too fhallow to pafs on me; what, the father is to make reftitution to Rofa, and the fon is to make Rofa his wife.

Henry. You are miftaken, Sir; I never can make Rofa my wife; it is a vifion of happinefs which once indeed—but now—

Lizard. What, you are detected! but harkye, Sir, you have publickly declared yourfelf to my daughter; you have publickly made an offer of your hand; you fhall either marry her or anfwer it in a court of law; you fhall have a little converfation with John Doe and Richard Roe on the fubject; the whole ftory fhall be told; the notable plot of the father and fon on the property of one woman, and on the affections of another. I leave you to your option. Oh that my fon Jack was called to the bar, how eloquent would he be on fuch a fubject! Once more I give you your option; if you marry my daughter your father's honour is preferv'd, but if you refufe after what has paffed—

Henry. Well, well—I know that you have tied me to the ftake; I have no option, no alternative; I have renounced Rofa, publickly infulted her; do with me as you pleafe: I have pledged myfelf to fecure your fecrecy, and I will pay the price of it.

Lizard. Now you are talking rationally; let me but have it under your hand——

Henry.

Henry. Under my hand.

Lizard. Yes, there's ſuch ſtability in pen and ink; a man's ſignature is ſuch a refreſher to his memory, as Jack ſays.

Henry. Well, well, lead on, Sir, you have caught me in your toils, and I'll not flinch! Yes, Roſa ſhall have juſtice, whatever be the ſacrifice. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Garden at Mr. Dorville's.*

Enter Sir HARRY, *followed by* JACK LIZARD.

Jack Liz. Is it poſſible, Sir Harry, that you can refuſe me?

Sir Harry. Have-a-care, Jack, have-a-care—you are growing chatty, and that you know I can't endure.

Jack Liz. 'Sdeath, would not any man be chatty with a pack of bailiffs at his heels?

Sir Harry. It has been the fate of many a great man, Jack.

Jack Liz. A great man can afford it; when a great man is arreſted, people only ſay that he is gone to his villa; its not the arreſt I care for, but the ſum, a paltry five hundred.

Sir Harry. Five hundred, paltry! why its the price of my horſe Dancer.

Jack Liz. As you ſold him yeſterday, you muſt have the caſh about you.

Sir Harry. That money is ſacred, you know it is.—What, would you have me defraud my ſtud of its complement.—You ſee, Jack, you ſee—the moment you begin to talk, you are irrational. Why you are as bad as a wit, your wits are always poor and chatty; but however I'll tell you what, though I can't give you the money, I'll do as well, I'll give you a piece of advice—there's no caption yet—eh! they have not dubb'd you *(tapping him over the ſhoulder.)*

Jack

Jack Liz. No, but they are in full cry.

Sir Harry. Change your county then directly, that's the way—change your county, and you are safe—the writ won't run into the next.—Why there's Sam Splash has a hunting-box for the purpose, stands on two counties, and he only tells his servant, if the sheriff of Middlesex calls, shew him into Surry; if the sheriff of Surry calls, shew him into Middlesex; or, if you like it better, speak to Mr. Dorville, lending is his passion—he has no other use for his money.

Jack Liz. Mr. Dorville is a stranger to me; how can I expect a stranger to lend me money, when my friend refuses me?

Sir Harry. Because he is a stranger Jack! upon my soul you must hold your tongue, or else you'll lose your character; you may lend money to a stranger, but never to a friend; the odds are, that a stranger pays, or else you lay him by the heels; but against a friend a man has no remedy, and your friend never pays you a sixpence—if you was a stranger Jack! I would lend you the money myself, but as you are my friend, the thing's impossible, quite out of the question.

[*Exit.*

Jack Liz. (*calling after him*) Well, but treat me as a stranger then, no ceremony.

SCENE II.—*Enter* LIZARD.

Lizard. Here Jack, here my boy—here it is, a promise under his hand, under the hand of the young Nabob, to marry Susan—so much for her! and now for yourself—if you can but see the

 heiress,

heiress, success is certain; I have now proofs of the Nabob's falsehood, to confirm our story.

Jack Liz. Proofs! Have you really proofs?

Lizard. A letter which he brought from her mother to Lady Esther Dorville; he confessed to me that it contained the whole of her story, and that he meant to suppress it on that account.

Jack Liz. How?

Lizard. I threaten'd the son with a discovery, and to bribe me to secrecy, he gave the promise to Susan—I threaten'd the father with a discovery, and to bribe me to secrecy, he gave me up the letter.

Jack Liz. Then 'twas a combination between the father and son to cheat the girl?

Lizard. I told you so this morning, but you would not believe me.

Jack Liz. 'Sdeath, how unlucky to have a bailiff at my heels at this moment.

Lizard. A bailiff!

Jack Liz. Yes, to lose all my hopes of an Indian heiress for a paltry five hundred pounds!

Lizard. Pshaw, this is your extravagance—your houses, horses, and carriages; why will you live at such an expence?

Jack Liz. Expence! why my houses, horses, and carriages, are not expences, they are my ways and means—I hire a cottage for 20 guineas, fit it up as a hunting-box, and let it for four-score—I buy a horse for ten pounds, pace him in the park, after a summer's run, and sell him for a hundred. The sums which they refuse to my necessities, they will give freely to gratify their own caprice—If I was in London, I could raise the money with ease by the sale of my curricle and blacks.

Lizard.

Lizard. Five hundred pounds! Can't you borrow it from Sir Harry, Jack?

Jack Liz. Not a ſixpence; I have juſt aſk'd him, and he'll not advance a ſixpence.

Lizard. Why then I'll advance it—I'll give the bailiff Dorville's note (*aſide.*)

Jack Liz. You—you advançe it—my dear father, why you are not ſerious—its five hundred pounds—how the devil can you raiſe five hundred pounds?

Lizard. No matter, watch you for the heireſs, and leave the reſt to me—are you ſure he is a bailiff? do you know him?

Jack Liz. Know him! I have an inſtinct on theſe occaſions which is infallible—why he has an apartment in Curſitor-ſtreet which he calls mine—a pretty rural ſituation, commands a fine view of Staples-Inn—but how the devil came you by the five hundred pounds?

Lizard. It was intended for the doctor and the architect; but you never think of them; with all your opportunities never once recommend them, never once quote Jem's book, or Jerry's plans.

Jack Liz. Huſh, my dear father, huſh—when I am married to the heireſs, Jerry ſhall build me a temple to Hygeia in my grounds, and the doctor's book ſhall be engrav'd on the walls in letters of gold—eh! zounds, here is my friend from Curſitor-ſtreet—ſome people complain of the law's delay; for my part I have always found it treading on my heels. [*Exeunt, oppoſite ſides.*

SCENE

SCENE III.—*Before Mr. Dorville's House.*

Enter Mr. DORVILLE *and the* STEWARD.

Mr. Dorville. It is but five hundred pounds.

Steward. The houſe will be filled with creditors in the courſe of an hour, Sir; your inability to pay this note will be the ſignal of alarm to them all—you have forgiven ſome of the tenants their rent, you have conſented to the delay of others, and I don't know a creature to whom I can apply.

Mr. Dorville. Apply to them! to the tenants!

Steward. Apply to the tenants! It goes to my heart to ſee your honour thus their dupe.

Mr. Dorville. I am not their dupe!—Is not my whole eſtate one unvaried ſcene of domeſtic felicity? do they not love me as their father? Here is Lizard's daughter, I'll ſpeak to her; ſurely he will wait a few hours.

Steward. Not an inſtant, Sir; he told me that he ſhould pay away the note. But I'll ſee my lady, and wait your further orders. [*Exit.*

Mr. Dorville. Who is this young ſtranger with her in tears—hold, hold—I may intrude officiouſly.

SCENE IV. *Enter* ROSA, *followed by* SUSAN.

Roſa. Leave me, I beſeech you leave me.

Suſan. Nay, Miſs, to be ſure, its very provoking to be croſs'd in one's firſt love, but it is what happens to moſt of us, for all that.

Roſa. What! what! will become of me!—to return to Mr. Torrid's is impoſſible.

Suſan. Why, Miſs, I have been thinking that, as you will be out of employment, when I am mar-

married to young Mr. Torrid, you know there will be a vacancy at the ſchool, now I will ſpeak to Mrs. Monſoon about you; to be ſure you will be rather aukward at firſt; but as you will take leſs ſalary on that account, I dare ſay Mrs. Monſoon would not object, though I don't know what you would do for a character, ſhe is very particular about the character of her teachers; have you no letters to your family? your friends?

Roſa. I have no family. No friends. I was, from my infancy, the child of ſorrow; bred up in ſecreſy and ſolitude; my mother lov'd me, tenderly lov'd me, and yet at times, when melting into ſoftneſs, her countenance would ſuddenly change, her looks become ſtern, reſentful, and poor Roſa ſunk to the ground unheeded: I ſeem'd at once her pride and ſhame, her joy and her reproach.

Suſan. Was not your father then in India?

Roſa. Alas! I never knew a father!

Mr. Dorville. (*ruſhing forward*) What do I hear?

Suſan. Mr. Dorville here?

Roſa. Is this Mr. Dorville?

Suſan. I muſt deſtroy her hopes of protection there, or Jack will loſe his opportunity.

Roſa. How unfortunate that Mr. Torrid ſhould have withheld the letter to Lady Eſther.

Mr. Dorville. A letter to my wife?

Suſan. Letter to Lady Eſther, 'pſhaw, its a mere pretence.

Roſa. A pretence?

Suſan. You ſaid that your mother had no acquaintance with Lady Eſther.

Roſa. I did.

Suſan. That ſhe only knew Mr. Dorville by character?

Rosa. I did.

Susan. How then can she have written to Lady Esther? she has deceived Mr Torrid, and now means to deceive you? *(to Mr. Dorville.)*

Rosa. Why, why, this cruel accusation? you will not take away my only refuge.

Susan. Mr. Torrid has supported her from infancy, her and her mother, can you deny it?

Rosa. I do not wish to deny it, or conceal my obligation.

Susan. And in return, she has seduc'd the affections of his son, though he was contracted to me in the cradle! she was detected plotting a secret marriage, and driven from the house.

Rosa. Now then, indeed, I feel myself a stranger; who, who is there feels for poor Rosa, her heart every where tortur'd with accusation, and her love return'd with insult.

Mr. Dorville. Have you no friends, no family connections?

Rosa. None. An orphan! a stranger! alas! there's not a human being on whom I have any claim of protection. Mr Torrid withholds the letter, and—

Mr. Dorville. An orphan and stranger! these are your claims, that your protection—trust yourself with me—my doors are open to you, my house shall be your asylum; Lady Esther shall receive you; come, let me conduct you to her; nay, nay, cheer up, cheer up, think not of the letter. [*Exit with her into the house*.

Susan. How unlucky!

SCENE V.

SCENE V. *Enter Lizard.*

Lizard. Where is Roſa? I have paid away the note to the bailiff, and Jack can now appear with ſafety.

Suſan. Mr. Dorville has juſt taken her under his protection.

Lizard. His protection! Mr. Dorville's! pretty protection truly! a man over head and ears in debt has the preſumption to interfere with my family arrangements; he'll be arreſted in half an hour himſelf, and then let us ſee who'll give him protection.

Suſan. Mr. Dorville arreſted, I thought he had been a man of fortune.

Lizard. A man of fortune! I have hawk'd his note all over the county, and can't raiſe a ſixpence on it.

Suſan. What, the note Mr. Torrid gave me for five hundred pounds, can't he pay that note, ' a man ſo generous?

' *Lizard.* 'Pſhaw, don't you know what Jack ' ſays, a man never begins to be generous till he's ' at his laſt guinea.

' *Suſan.* But he's ſo liberal, ſo ready to lend his ' money.

' *Lizard.* Yes, he borrows a hundred pounds ' from one friend, and lends ten of it to another, ' and that people call liberality.

' *Suſan.* But this is' only one note?

Lizard. Only one note; did you ever ſee the man who had drawn only one note; no, no, when a man once takes to drawing notes, there's a ſpell upon his fingers, and the devil himſelf cannot ſtop him. [*Exeunt Lizard and Suſan.*

SCENE VI. *A Room at Mr.* DORVILLE'S.

Enter Mr. DORVILLE *and* ROSA.

Mr. Dorville. You are deceived, depend upon it.

Rofa. I think, I think I could have reconcil'd myfelf, if he had left me for a pretty woman—but to be deferted for fuch an ugly thing, is fhe not Mr. Dorville? did you ever fee any thing fo ugly—here, in England, where all the women are fo clever—fo accomplifh'd—they play—they fing—they dance—they draw—they fpeak all languages—alas! poor Rofa can only fpeak the language of the heart; and as for drawing, I never could draw any thing but Henry's picture, and that I us'd to wear here—but now I'll throw it from me, or, perhaps, you may chufe to have it—he has not injur'd you, and you fhall take it—No—I'll keep it myfelf—this countenance never deceived me—I'll transfer my love from the living Henry, here—I will wear this Henry next my heart, and Mifs Monfoon may have the other.

Mr. Dorville. Deferted you for her, impoffible!

Rofa. She muft have frighten'd him into loving her, I am fure fhe muft.

Mr. Dorville. This is fome idle jealoufy.

Rofa. I never was jealous of him—while I thought he lov'd me

Mr. Dorville. He loves you ftill.

Rofa. I heard him make the offer to her—I faw him on his knees, is not that enough?

Mr. Dorville. To call for an explanation, it is.

Rofa. There can be none—he has infulted me, Mr. Dorville, treated me with contempt—think not fo meanly of me—if my heart is weak enough

ftill

ſtill to love him—it will have the virtue to conceal it.

Mr. Dorville. Call not that virtue which leads to injuſtice?

Roſa. To injuſtice!

Mr. Dorville. Yes, the worſt injuſtice, to condemn unheard.

Roſa. Every circumſtance combines to juſtify ſuſpicion.

Mr. Dorville. Suſpicion of thoſe we love never can be juſtified. I am myſelf the victim of ſuſpicion.

Roſa. You, Sir, the victim of ſuſpicion?

Mr. Dorville. Yes, a wretched victim! but for a baſe ſuſpicion, I had been bleſſed with a daughter, young, innocent, and artleſs as yourſelf; mine is a life of penitence; what you call benevolence is expiation, the reſource of a mind ſickening under langour and diſeaſe, the food of a heart agoniz'd at every pore.

Roſa. Your's, your's a life of penitence! of expiation.

Mr. Dorville. The only child of an ancient family, heir to a large fortune, I was bred in all the vicious habits of indulgence, every deſire anticipated, every caprice gratified; a mind thus frivolous, infirm, diſtempered, fell an eaſy prey. Let not your gentle character be thus alien to its nature, think not ſo meanly of your Henry, of yourſelf, as to believe you have a rival in this Lizard's daughter; I will ſee Mr. Torrid! I will ſee your Henry; I will claim this letter from your mother.

— SCENE VII. —

Enter Lady Eſther Dorville.

Here is Lady Eſther, I have prepared her to receive you, and will now preſent you to her.

Lady Eſt. I have learnt the particulars of your ſtory, and I wiſh that we had, in truth, a home to offer you.

Mr. Dorville. How?

Lady Eſt. In this moment of diſtreſs and mortification, I can ſtill feel for your diſappointment (*to Roſa.*) Mr. Dorville; my apprehenſions are all realiz'd—the bailiffs have actually forc'd their way into the houſe, and are coming to arreſt you.

Roſa. Arreſt! arreſt Mr. Dorville! (*Sir Harry and the bailiffs making a noiſe behind.*)

Mr. Dorville. To arreſt me!—it cannot be—there muſt be ſome miſtake. (*talks aſide with Lady Eſther.*)

SCENE VIII. *Enter Sir Harry, Bailiff, and Followers.*

Sir Harry What's the ſum, Sir! the ſum—

Bailiff. (*to Sir Harry.*) Why you don't mean to be bail, do you?

Roſa. Bail—what's bail? I'll be bail.

Bailiff. What, are you a houſekeeper?

Roſa. No! but, Sir, (*to Sir Harry*) you'll be bail, I am ſure you will, how dare you (*to the Bailiff*) ſuſpect the contrary.

Bailiff. What, is he a houſekeeper?

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, Sir, I am Sir Harry Fleetly, a Baronet, with a clear eſtate of 6000 pounds a year.

Bailiff. But are you a houſekeeper?

Roſa. Don't you hear that he is a Baronet, with a clear eſtate of 6000 pounds a year.

Bailiff. But where is his houſe?

Roſa. Do pray, Sir Harry Fleetly, turn him out—oblige me, by turning him out.

Sir Harry. Oh! my addreſs, I ſuppoſe he means. I have lodgings in Bond-ſtreet, and at all the watering places.

Roſa. There, you hear he has lodgings in Bond-ſtreet, and at all the watering places!

Bailiff. What, do you offer yourſelf as bail, without being a houſekeeper?—lodgings—you a Baronet of ſix thouſand pounds a year, and live in lodgings; I'll not believe it. (*Turns towards Mr. Dorville.*)

Roſa. Stay, ſtay, for heaven's ſake ſtay; take me, inſtead of Mr. Dorville, I am ſure it can make no difference to you.

Mr. Dorville. Generous girl! how you have charmed me.

Roſa. To me it will be no diſgrace; I am a ſtranger here, unknown to any human being; you may take me with ſafety; but for Mr. Dorville to be dragged thus from his houſe, in the face of his friends, in the face of his tenants—I'll tell you what, Sir, you had better take care; you'll be torn to pieces, depend upon it; the peaſants will tear you to pieces—their father, their benefactor thus diſgraced.

Mr. Dorville. Diſgraced, do you call it? I was never ſo honour'd. I was never ſo delighted before. Your zeal, your earneſtneſs has thrill'd to my very heart, and reviv'd ſenſations which I thought long ſince extinct. I expected that this note would be claim'd; Lady Eſther knows I did, and was going among the tenants to raiſe the money. When they hear of my diſtreſs, there's not a man on my eſtate but will come forward.

Lady Eſt. Why, you actually ſeem pleas'd.

Mr. Dorville. I ſhall prove their attachment.

Lady Eſt. You'll be diſappointed—but I'll go as you deſire me; and at my return I ſhall hope to find you here. (*to Roſa.*)

Mr. Dorville.

Mr. Dorville. No, no, you ſhall ſee the triumph of my ſyſtem, and Roſa ſhall ſee it.

Lady Eſt. Have you no knowledge of the world?

Mr. Dorville. I have a knowledge of the human heart, which tells me, that, as I have liſtened to the ſtory of their neceſſities, they will not forget me in mine. [*Exeunt Lady Eſther and Mr. Dorville.*

Roſa. (to the Bailiffs) Stay, ſtay, ſurely you have a houſe, Sir—a Baronet with ſix thouſand a year—you muſt have a houſe; I am ſure you have.

SCENE IX. *Enter Lizard.*

Lizard. As you ſeem in want of a houſe, Sir, give me leave to recommend my ſon Jerry, the architect; a clever fellow, I aſſure you: he'll run you up a houſe in no time—publiſh'd a book of plans——

Sir Harry. Peace, Sir, peace, and tell me, what's the ſum for which Mr. Dorville is arreſted?

Lizard. Sad weak ſilly man, this Mr. Dorville, diſtributing his money to the right and left. The ſum for which he is arreſted? Why, Sir, really I can't ſay, but there are ſome gentlemen without who are better inform'd—all at it, whip and ſpur egad.

Sir Harry. What, are there more creditors than one?

Lizard. More than one? yes, yes; your creditor is a gregarious animal, and ſeldom travels alone---one has an execution on the ſtable.

Sir Harry. On the ſtable! Zounds, they may ſeize my horſes.

Lizard. I ſaw a fellow lead out a fine ſet of greys.

Sir Harry. The devil you did! why they are mine. Which way?---here---hollo. [*Exit.*

Roſa. Sir Harry! Sir Harry! He forgets Mr. Dorville.

Lizard. How ſo anxious about Mr. Dorville; 'gad then I'll change my battery. Inſtead of frightening her into compliance, from the loſs of Mr. Dorville's protection, Jack ſhall ſoothe her to our purpoſe by a promiſe to procure his releaſe— *(aſide.)* If you are really deſirous of releaſing Mr. Dorville——

Roſa. Do not inſult me with the queſtion.

Lizard. Its in your power; there's a gentleman in the houſe, a Mr. Tacid, the intimate friend of this Sir Harry Fleetly, but a different ſort of man quite—he's in love with you to diſtraction.

Roſa. With me! why I have never ſeen him!

Lizard. But he has ſeen you, and there's a great deal in love at firſt ſight—he is now here on a viſit; one word from you, and he will procure Mr. Dorville's releaſe.

Roſa. Mr. Dorville's releaſe! what, will he be bail?

Lizard. To be ſure he will, if you deſire it.

Roſa. Is he a houſekeeper? But what right have I to aſk it? What return can I make?

Lizard. True, true—Mr. Dorville then muſt go to priſon.

Roſa. To priſon! Mr. Dorville to priſon, when I can prevent it? Oh no! I'll come with you immediately. Henry! Henry! where art thou? How would my heart have exulted to aſk of you, what I tremble to ſolicit at the hand of another.

[*Exit.*

Lizard. (following her) Deſerted by her lover! without a friend, without a home; if ſhe refuſes Jack, when he makes the diſcovery, I know nothing of the ſex.

SCENE X. *Before Mr.* DORVILLE'S *Houſe.*

JACK LIZARD *(waiting.)*

Jack Liz. Surely I have not miſtaken the ſpot; where can my father be? I wonder he is not yet come—'Sdeath, how unlucky, here is Sir Harry; I'll try to avoid him; 'pſhaw, he has ſeen me.

Enter Sir HARRY.

Sir Harry. Hollo, Jack, why what do you ſtand lounging about here, when the men are carrying off my horſes, inſtead of yours---have you ſeen them this way?---Why don't you anſwer?—you was chatty enough this morning, when you wanted money—have you ſeen them?

Jack Liz. No.

Sir Harry. No!—is this the care you take of my property?

Jack Liz. 'Pſhaw, I thought not of your property.

Sir Harry. I tell you, that my greys are ſeiz'd for your debt, and the fellow won't believe that they are mine, though you made me pay four hundred pounds for the ſet, and they are not worth half the money.

Jack Liz. You have ſix thouſand a year, yet you would ſell a horſe for double his value, to a poor fellow not worth ſixpence.

Sir Harry. I was your friend; you ought to have recollected that.

Jack Liz. Would you have recollected it?

Sir

Sir Harry. Why, Jack, your manner is ſtrangely alter'd.

Jack Liz. I wiſh that your's was ſo.

Sir Harry. This inſolence from you is inſufferable.

Jack Liz. I mean it ſo; leave me, I have no time to waſte on you.

Sir Harry. Why, what do you mean?

Jack Liz. That, there's your road; leave me. I am ſick of you.

Sir Harry. You ſick of me?

Jack Liz. Yes, you have anſwer'd my purpoſe, and I am ſick of you.

Sir Harry. Why, zounds, you talk as fluently as I do.

Jack Liz. To your ſtud, to your ſtud, I ſay, and leave me.

Sir Harry. To my ſtud! is this the return for my friendſhip?

Jack Liz. Your friendſhip.

Sir Harry. Yes, my friendſhip; have I not given you the run of my table, the uſe of my ſtud; have I not introduced you to every club I belong to.

Jack Liz. Yes, you gave me the run of your table; out of hoſpitality? No; it was to taſte and commend your wines. You gave me the uſe of your ſtud; for my amuſement? No; to train and ſhew your horſes. You introduced me to your clubs; as your friend? No; as your butt.

Sir Harry. Well, and you anſwer'd my purpoſe, I will ſay that of you.

Jack Liz. You thought I anſwer'd your purpoſe. Dull fool! it was you anſwer'd mine. You fancied I was your creature! I knew that you was mine.

Sir Harry. Where is your boasted superiority? to live with men whom you despise, to truckle with their foibles, to feed on their vices? while I thought you dull and illiterate I only pitied, now I despise you.

Jack Liz. 'Tis fit you do, pity and contempt are the weapons of ignorance and imbecility.

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, Sir—do you dare to accuse a man of my education of ignorance and imbecility.

Jack Liz. I, too, had an education; what is called a liberal education; I was sent to a public school, and thence to college; at the end of three years I was thrown upon the world, my imagination ardent, my passions high, my taste correct and cultivated; all my habits, desires, expences, not suited to my own means, but to those of my associates; I was soon involved in debt, I gave myself to the pursuit of letters, my labours were neglected; thrust from the shelf to make room for the frivolities of fashion.

Sir Harry. Eh! how! you are an author too?

Jack Liz. An accident seated me at one of your tables; my fancy fired at the opportunity; I shone beyond my hopes; I was complimented; congratulated; I thought my fortune made. Fond fool! they shunn'd me ever after; they shrunk abash'd with conscious inferiority, and I was left the solitary recluse of a garret; for a while my pride supported me, till imagination sicken'd under the pressure of want, and all its powers were chilled; food, food seem'd to my parch'd lip the only object of desire; I was in possession of the secret; I came again among you, not as before with a proud display of all I knew, but as one, the energies of whose mind were just equal to the shoeing a horse and the knowledge of his points;

points; and above all, whose servility would bend under the coarse raillery of you and your associates. I succeeded; I was lifted to the surface; I floated with you, and the other insects of the hour.

Sir Harry. Insects! harkee, my man of wit—insects! What your pretensions are to the character of a gentleman, I neither know or care—I have treated you as a gentleman, and insist on the satisfaction of one.

Jack Liz. What, you would fight—Yes, I know you would—you have the courage to fight—I never doubted it! when you have wrong'd a man—betray'd his wife—or seduced his daughter—you call him out—your amusements have been subservient to your safety—your dexterity is admirable; you can hit a card at thirty paces—you are cool, collected, without passion, without a heart; he comes into the field, all sensibility, feeling, emotion; his generous nature has shrunk from the exercise which has given you courage; the deadly weapon is put into his hands for the first time; he hesitates as he raises it; yet this you call meeting on equal terms; this is honourable satisfaction. Yonder I see my father; now fortune, this one opportunity well encounter'd, and I am made for ever. (*Aside.*) Nay, Sir, do not follow me, I'll not be followed; some few hours since I would have met you; life then had nothing worth a thought; but now my prospects brighten; I feel again the glow of existence; I know it's value; I will not match it so unequally—to your stud, Sir Harry! to your stud! [*Exit.*

Sir Harry. I'll not be followed! he talks to me as if I was his terrier; d---e, but I'll cross him yet. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before Mr. Dorville's.*

Enter Mr. Torrid *and* Henry.

Torrid. Stay, Henry, ſtay, I beg of you!

Henry. No, Sir; the reſtitution ſhall be made to Roſa immediately; every moment's delay is a new diſgrace, a freſh accuſation.

Torrid. Are theſe the fruits of the education I have given you; is it for this I have bred you in habits of affluence?

Henry. That education which was once my pride, is now my ſhame; wrung from the widow and the orphan; thoſe habits which I once thought a diſtinction are now humbled with the duſt; there's not a particle about me but ſeems tainted, loathſome, hideous!

Torrid. You know not the conſequences, the hazard to which I am expoſed by a diſcloſure at this moment.

Henry. At any hazard, Sir, the ſtory ſhall be told; the injuries of Roſa and her mother cry out for juſtice; they ſhall be appeas'd. This ſtrange fluctuation after your promiſe this morning——

Torrid. That promiſe was conditional.

Henry. I have perform'd my part, and I require the ſame of you.

Torrid. How have you perform'd it? how is Lizard's ſecrecy ſecur'd? this ſtrange chimera of your's leaves me expos'd to him as well as her.

Henry. Make but this reſtitution to Roſa, act honourably to her, and your character is ſafe, ſhe will never betray you.

Torrid.

Torrid. No, but he will.

Henry. His ſecrecy is ſecured, I have ſecured it.

Torrid. You?

Henry. Yes.

Torrid. How?

Henry. With myſelf.

Torrid. With yourſelf!

Henry. I have made it the condition of my marriage with his daughter.

Torrid. Your marriage with his daughter! you cannot mean it.

Henry. There was no other way; this makes it his intereſt as well as your's.

Torrid. What do I hear!

Henry. He has a ſolemn pledge under my hand.

Torrid. Under your hand, is it really ſo? have you indeed thus ſacrificed yourſelf, the deareſt wiſhes of your heart, the object of your affections, for whom—for me! for my protection! for the ſafety of my character!

SCENE II. *Enter Sir* HARRY, *looking about.*

Sir Harry. 'Sdeath, I have run myſelf clean out of wind; which way could he turn, how the devil did I miſs them? He's certainly in purſuit of that girl from India. Have you ſeen them this way?

Henry. Who do you mean?

Sir Harry. The fellow that trots about like a three-pronged fork, ſticking his ſons, Jem, Jack, and Jerry, into every one he meets.

Henry. This muſt be Lizard.

Torrid. Yonder he is, and *(anxiouſly)* Roſa with him.

Sir Harry. He has ſome deſign I know.

Henry. A deſign, and againſt Roſa!

[*Exit with precipitation, followed by Torrid.*

Sir Harry. Yes, and Jack too! D—e but you ſhall take to the bit again before I have done with you, my maſter. [*Exit after them.*

SCENE III. *Another part of Mr. Dorville's Garden.*

Enter ROSA *with* LIZARD *and* JACK LIZARD.

Jack Liz. Nay, but hear me; I have a communication to make to you of the utmoſt importance.

Roſa. Is it of importance to Mr. Dorville?

Jack Liz. I have been fortunate enough to make a diſcovery in which you are very nearly intereſted.

Lizard. I told you he loved you to diſtraction. What a clever dog it is. *(Aſide.)*

Roſa. Does it intereſt Mr. Dorville?

Jack Liz. Your mother's fortune was loſt by an act of treachery.

Roſa. Well, Sir!

Jack Liz. It is in my power to recover it for you.

Roſa. In your power to recover it? And then I may releaſe Mr. Dorville; is it ſo? *(eagerly.)*

Jack Liz. Yes, if you will condeſcend to receive me as your captive.

Roſa. How!

Lizard. What an elegant turn that is! to be ſure even Jem and Jerry are nothing to him. [*Aſide.*

Jack Liz. The ſcheme of Mr. Torrid and his ſon!

Roſa. Scheme of Mr. Torrid and his ſon?

Lizard. The fraud was theirs.

Roſa. Impoſſible!

Lizard. You heard the ſon make a declaration to my daughter.

Roſa. I did.

Jack Liz. You ſaw him on his knees to her?

Roſa.

Rosa. I did.

Lizard. The whole story was known to me; by her marriage with the son my secrecy was to be purchas'd.

Jack Liz. And the father secured from detection. If you wish further proofs—

Rosa. I want no proofs, I have them here—here in my heart!—the image of my Henry, such as I have known him from infancy! such as I have lov'd him from infancy! Who is it? Which of you would tear him thence? Is it you, Sir? [*to Lizard.*] 'Tis true I heard him make a declaration to your daughter; but I thank you, it was you who placed me where I could hear it!—Or is it you, Sir, whom I am to thank for this disinterested proof of attachment? What is there you see in me, which thus provokes your calumny? I am a poor simple artless girl. 'Tis true I am! one who thinks her friends honest, though she has the report of two strangers to the contrary.

Lizard. Report of strangers—I have it under his hand.

Rosa. 'Tis false!

Lizard. Here, here, a promise of marriage to my daughter—look, look on this paper—he never saw her till this morning, yet does he promise to marry her. Why? To screen himself from detection. She is without fortune, yet you see he consents to marry her. Why? To save his own.

Rosa. Oh Henry—where, where art thou?

SCENE IV. *Enter* HENRY.

Henry. The voice of Rosa, in distress?

Lizard. What other motive will you find?

Jack Liz. What other motive will he dare avow?

Rosa. [*running to him*] Henry! they tell me this

this is your hand-writing; but I don't believe them—nay, my own eyes would tell me ſo, but my heart aſſures me of the contrary. You turn away, you are ſilent—can it be poſſible—they tell me that you never ſaw this woman till this morning, yet that you will marry her. They aſk me for your motive; I could once tell your motives, Henry; I knew where to look for them once; but now, what am I to reply! what am I to think!——

Torrid. [*who has followed Henry on the ſtage*] That I alone am guilty, Roſa! guilty, even to the extent of this man's inſinuation; that your mother, that yourſelf have been the victims of my injuſtice; that he was in poſſeſſion of the ſecret; that he threaten'd to diſcloſe it; that, to ſave me from expoſure, Henry affected to give into his views, till entangled in a labyrinth of artifice, the ſon had no reſource to ſave the father, but by the ſacrifice of himſelf!

Jack Liz. Yes, Sir, he has, in me! Give me the paper. [*tearing it*] Thus, thus let me offer ſome atonement for the meanneſs of my own character; ſome tribute to the nobleneſs of your's!

Lizard. Why, what do you mean; what the devil are you about? [*Jack Lizard turns about, and goes to the back of the ſtage.*] D—e if ever I can tell what my ſon Jack is driving at. [*follows him.*]

Torrid. How! Is this your ſon? [*following Jack Lizard.*]

Henry. I little thought, when I had the preſumption to offer you my hand this morning, that the fortune I ſo anxiouſly wiſh'd to lay at your feet, was not mine to beſtow.

Rosa. Was this discovery your only scruple?

Henry. That it was wrested from you by treachery and ingratitude!

Rosa. In which you bore no part; but have nobly contrived, out of this very treachery and ingratitude, to rear a trophy to your own honour, and to my love!

Henry. Your love, Rosa, impossible! I am a proscribed being, doom'd to a life of perpetual exile and wretchedness. I had not ventured to appear before you, but for the apprehension of this man's designs.

Rosa. How innocent were his designs compared with yours; his designs were on my person, on my fortune; yours were on my heart; this generous act of his son does not relieve you, Henry; you but escape one chain to find another. You will conduct me to Mr. Dorville's, you will give me your hand, your arm; do I lean too heavily? Come, let us hasten to Mr. Dorville's, we will then talk of your return to India, but while he is in distress you cannot, must not think on any other subject. [*Exeunt Rosa and Henry.*

Lizard. Have you lost your senses to act thus? (*to Jack.*)

SCENE V. *Enter Sir* HARRY, *who meets Jack, at the end of Lizard's Speech, and follows him to the Front of the Stage.*

Sir Harry. Lost his senses, yes, the very moment he recovered his speech. There it is, you would be chatty; now I told you this morning, it was all up with you if you were chatty.

Jack Liz. (*to Mr. Torrid, who has been making offers of assistance, not noticing Sir Harry.*) You mistake me, Sir, I have my peace to make with one not easily satisfied.

Sir Harry. He means me—I knew that he would make me an apology—well, Sir, what have you to ſay?

Jack Liz. What, you think me in the duſt, and would again trample on me; 'tis fit you do—I expected as much from you—go on, Sir, go on; 'tis not your feeble raillery, but my tame ſubmiſſion which has made me contemptible to the world, and to myſelf.

Torrid. Contemptible! not while I have a ſpark of feeling in my heart, or a ſingle guinea in my purſe.

Lizard. How? Egad Jack's right after all—and he has kept the letter.

SCENE VI. *Enter* GROOM.

Groom. (*to Sir Harry*) Sir! Sir! your horſes are found.

Jack Liz. Aye, aye; to your ſtud, Sir Harry, to your ſtud.

Sir Harry. (*to the Groom*) What do you mean by talking to me about horſes, you ſcoundrel; do you dare to inſinuate that I care about horſes? do you mean to be witty too? d—e, I have a great mind to kick you, you ſcoundrel. [*Exit. beating the Groom.*

Jack Liz. Mr. Torrid, I have yet another duty to diſcharge; here is the letter which you gave my father.

Lizard. What, have you given the letter?—D—e he's off again. You forgot the five hundred pounds which I advanced.

Torrid. Five hundred pounds!—you muſt, you ſhall accept my offer—I will not be refus'd.

Jack Liz. I thank you, Sir, for your intentions, but when I have ftripped off the foppery which now entangles me, I have enough to fatisfy the claims of others---'tis not in the power of wealth to fatisfy thofe here!---here on myfelf!---I had from nature talents which I have abus'd; an independent fpirit which I have proftituted; thefe are the claims which muft and fhall be fatisfied.

Lizard. But how?---how? when you have not a fixpence in the world!

Jack Liz. By endeavouring to be ufeful---a man may be ufeful without the aid of fortune---every man has within himfelf the power of being ufeful---'tis an inftinct which we inherit from nature, and 'till I have blotted out the ftain which now difhonours me, I will cherifh it as the only privilege of exiftence. [*Exit Jack Liz.*

SCENE VII. *Enter* SUSAN *on the oppofite fide.*

Sufan. Sir! Sir! the Doctor and the Architect are juft arrived---but in fuch a pickle!——

Lizard. Pickle! what do you mean by pickle! aye, it will go through the family I fee that; this is not a day for the Lizards.

Sufan. Mr. Dorville's fervants miftook them for a couple of bailiffs, and have toft the Architect in a blanket, and dragg'd the Doctor through the horfe-pond.

Lizard. How! tofs'd Jerry in a blanket, and dragg'd Jem through the horfe-pond!

Torrid. Ha, ha, ha! (*to Lizard*) What a noble opportunity for Jerry to build in the air! and then in the horfe-pond I dare fay Jem has pick'd up fome new ideas for his book on at-

 mofpheres—

moſpheres—well, well, you are right—Jack is my favourite—ſo much my favourite, that in reſpect for him, I'll keep your ſecret.

Lizard. My ſecret! (*piteouſly*)

Torrid. Yes; Roſa you ſee has generouſly forgiven me; but as ſhe does not know what ſhare you had of the plunder, I don't know what ſhe may ſay to you; if you chuſe, I'll ſtep and aſk—(*Lizard ſupplicates him not.*)—That is my ſecret, and if you'll promiſe me to be honeſt, I'll promiſe that you ſhall be ſafe.

Lizard. Heigho!

Torrid. Keep you your promiſe of honeſty, and I'll keep mine.

Suſan. But what is become of my promiſe of marriage?

Lizard. (*pointing to the fragments.*)

Suſan. How!

Lizard. (*calling to Suſan*) Suſan! (*making a ſign to her to follow*) Jerry toſs'd in a blanket! Jem dragg'd through the horſe-pond! and Jack gone back to his garret!

Suſan. You might as well have given me back the five hundred pounds; five hundred pounds would have ſecured me the refuſal of any of our Maſters at Mrs. Monſoon's.

Lizard. Jerry toſs'd in a blanket! Jem dragg'd through the horſe-pond! and Jack gone back to his garret! [*Exit repeating.*

Suſan. (*following*) I have heard them ſay over and over again, that a thouſand pounds was a very pretty fortune for a young woman.

Torrid. Now that I'm again in poſſeſſion of the letter, I'll ſee Lady Eſther and make the diſcovery immediately.

Enter

SCENE VIII. *Enter* RALPH *and* SERVANT, *diſputing.*

Servant. I tell you, Ralph, Mr. Dorville is not here!

Ralph. I beg pardon, Sir, I beg pardon. I am Ralph, a poor fooliſh fellow, one of the tenants—they ſay that Mr. Dorville is——but that's impoſſible; no man dare do it: Where is he?

Servant. He cannot ſee you, Ralph.

Ralph. Not ſee me! not ſee me! when I was in trouble I never refus'd to ſee him.

Torrid. What, you love him—love him in his affliction.—

Ralph. Lookye, Sir; lookye,—my hair may change its colour in his ſervice, but my heart never ſhall. [*Exit.*

Torrid. (*to the ſervant*) Is Lady Eſther within?

Servant. She is, Sir!

Torrid. Take her this letter—ſay that you had it from Mr. Torrid—that he is here, and begs to ſee her. [*Exit.* (*as ſervant is following*)

SCENE IX. *Enter* FRANK.

Frank. Where is Mr. Dorville, where is he?

Servant. Ralph is this moment gone to him?

Frank. Is Ralph gone to him? I hope I ſhall be there firſt! I hope I ſhall be there firſt! he muſt run hard to be there before me. [*Exit.*

SCENE X. *The Country near Mr.* DORVILLE'S.

Enter Mr. DORVILLE, *and the Bailiff.*

Mr. Dorville. Nay, nay, my good fellow, give me your hand, and mark me, there is no member of ſociety more uſeful, than one who fills an odious, but neceſſary office, and executes it with tenderneſs and humanity!

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Enter* RALPH.

Mr. Dorville. Ralph, is it you? they told me all my tenants had abandoned me, your looks at leaſt ſpeak a different language.

Ralph. Yes, your honour, yes, ſtand off you ſcoundrel; d—e how I ſhould like to knock him down; here your honour, here, here is the five hundred pounds.

Mr Dorville. From whom?

Ralph. It is your own! your honour, its your own! what you advanc'd to put me into the farm? I was a liar this morning, I was a ſcoundrel this morning, I ſaid my crops were not good, they are your honour, they are, the beſt in the county, my heart miſgave me at the time. I thought no good would come of it! here, your honour, take the money!

Mr. Dorville. Why, Ralph! this is more than is due!

Ralph. Never mind what is due, your honour, never mind what is due. When I was in trouble, you never remembered what was due; you'll break my heart if you refuſe the money—

SCENE XII. *Enter* FRANK.

Frank. Here, here it is, your honour, you muſt take all from me, I am the oldeſt tenant you have!

Mr. Dorville. My good fellows! my noble fellows! I ſhall burſt with agony—

Ralph. To be ſure Frank is the oldeſt tenant, but then he has a wife and a large family.

Frank. That is the reaſon your honour! that is the reaſon! Heaven's bleſſing will go with me, heaven's bleſſing goes with every man who has a large

a large family—to fee you thus, (*they each take a hand.*)

Mr. Dorville. To fee me thus, is the proudeſt day of my life! a landlord in the hour of his diſtreſs ſuſtained by his tenants! the ſuddenneſs of this demand has but occaſioned a temporary embarraſſment; my fortune is untouch'd! think not ſo meanly of me, of yourſelves. No, no, it is not by laviſh expence, or thoughtleſs profuſion, that I have won your hearts; it is by living among you, by habits of familiarity, by liſtening to the little ſtories of your pleaſures and diſappointments; the way to win your confidence was pure and ſimple, it was only to give you mine!

SCENE XIII. *Enter Lady* ESTHER.

Mr. Dorville. What ſay you now Lady Eſther—

Lady Eſt. That I have been miſtaken; that my fears on your account have made me unjuſt to others: that I acknowledge their zeal with gratitude, that I aſk their pardon, that they will give it me, ſince I have a diſcovery to make which will add intereſt to every future moment of your life!---

Mr. Dorville. A diſcovery!

Lady Eſt. In Roſa---the young ſtranger!

Mr. Dorville. What—what of her?

Lady Eſt. In her! you take to your arms, your own daughter; the laſt act of your Eloiſa's life, was to addreſs this letter to me---

Mr. Dorville. Where is it? where is it? (*reads*) "To you a mother commits the child of her "affection: in this hour of ſeparation, all reſent- "ment againſt the author of her miſeries ſubſides "in her alarm for his daughter! let it be your "kind office to reſtore her, to his boſom, to his "confidence! eighteen years of penitence have "expiated his injuſtice; and a reliance on your "honour,

" honour, the honour of his wedded wife, gives " ſerenity to the laſt moments of his once lov'd " Eloiſa."

Lady Eſt. This was a noble confidence, and I will prove myſelf not unworthy of it!---

Mr. Dorville. She comes! ſhe comes! her mother's injuries gather round my heart, and ſtifle every other ſenſation!

Lady Eſt. She knows not the contents of the letter; ſtill thinks herſelf a ſtranger!---(*to the peaſants*)—ſtand aſide with me my good friends, this way; (*Lady Eſther rtires with them.*)

SCENE XIV. *Enter* ROSA.

Roſa. In tears—Mr. Dorville in tears! I bring you your releaſe, your liberty, I come from Mr. Torrid to entreat your forgiveneſs, to tell you of the virtues of his ſon, of my Henry---

Mr. Dorville. Forgiveneſs of me? 'tis I, I, who have moſt need of forgiveneſs.

Roſa. You, you need of forgiveneſs, you?---whoſe only knowledge of mankind is the knowledge of their wants, whoſe only paſſion to relieve them?

Mr. Dorville. To relieve myſelf, to bury the recollection of the wrongs I have inflicted, to ſtifle the call of outrag'd nature. Liſten to me, Roſa, liſten to me; it was my fortune, when at college, to be received into the family of a neighbouring clergyman; he had a daughter, gay, lovely, high-ſpirited, young as myſelf---the unſuſpecting confidence of her family put her in my power; I betray'd it!!! Nay, do not ſtart, reſerve yourſelf for further horror; after what had paſs'd, I felt that ſhe had additional claims on my hand; I made known my paſſion to my father---I

 knew

knew him vain, haughty, ambitious, but he found me resolute; and, in appearance, acquiesced---

Rosa. In appearance!

Mr. Dorville. Yes! this seeming acquiescence lull'd me to a false security! our marriage was delay'd; that delay was all he asked—he knew the irritable weakness of my character, and on that he built his hopes; he prevailed on a wretched confidant of my attachment, to enter into his views---my Eloisa was suddenly taken ill, and became a mother.

Rosa. Your Eloisa—it was the name——

Mr. Dorville. The early birth of my child was made the foundation of a charge base and unnatural—letters fabricated for the purpose were put into my hands, and when I flew to its embrace, an incident was contriv'd for my destruction. I found this wretch caressing the little infant; when I would have addressed him, he affected to avoid me; a horrible idea fasten'd on my fancy; I caught the infant to my arms; it smil'd---methought it smil'd like the wretch who had just fled. I would have dash'd it to the ground! you stretch'd forth your little arms, the charm of innocence preserv'd me! yes, Rosa, you, you were that infant! do you not start! shrink back with horror!---

Rosa. I, I start back with horror---from my father.

Mr. Dorville. I gave you to the nurse, and rush'd from the house---my feeble senses sunk under the conflict---after an interval I awoke from my delirium—awoke to hear that she renounc'd her claims upon my hand; that she had fled to an uncle in India; that she had a companion in her

M flight;

flight; I was desperate. My father claim'd that acquiescence to his views of marriage, which he had lent to mine; I yielded, and became the husband of Lady Esther.

Rosa. 'Twas false, 'twas a new artifice; I, and I only was the companion of her flight; eighteen years of solitude attest her innocence; I—I attest it. That even in exile you were still the object of her affections: your conduct to your tenants, to your family, the constant theme of her admiration. I now see through the veil which she had thrown around me; the secret of my birth was locked in her own bosom, that she might raise for you an interest in mine; every action of your life was known to her; every instance of your generosity she hailed as a token of your penitence, as a tribute of affection to her memory: on these would she expatiate, these would she imprint on my young heart, while she concealed from me the name of father, till, in the knowledge of his virtues, I could forget her wrongs. Yes, they are forgotten! (*kneels*) her wishes are accomplished, your daughter throws herself on your protection, on your love, with confidence, respect, and gratitude.

Mr. Dorville. My child! do I indeed embrace thee.

Re-enter Lady ESTHER, RALPH, FRANK, *Mr.* TORRID, *and* HENRY *following; they gradually advance from the back of the Stage to* ROSA *and Mr.* DORVILLE.

Lady Est. The secret of your birth was disclosed to me in the letter brought by Mr. Torrid, and, from this hour, Rosa, you are the child of my adoption.

Mr. Dorville.

Mr. Dorville. There ſpoke again the natural feelings of your heart: where, where is your Henry?

Lady Eſt. Here! here! with virtues to redeem his father's error, and ſhed a luſtre over his memory. Mr. Torrid has told me every particular of his conduct.

Mr. Torrid. Yes, Mr. Dorville, from my ſon I have learned how to regain my own eſteem, and you have ſhewn me how to regain that of others. Theſe honeſt fellows (*pointing to Ralph and Frank*) have but led the way; your other tenants are all here, (*the tenants enter with Ralph on one ſide, Frank on the other, and with the Steward at the back of the ſtage.*)

Roſa. In offering your houſe to me, a helpleſs female and a ſtranger, you gave an aſylum to your own daughter. In providing for the happineſs of your tenants, you ſecured your own; and the hour of diſtreſs has group'd around you every ſocial affection.

END OF ACT V.